I.R.T.

THE WAY TO THE ETERNAL

CLINTON W. COLLIER

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I. R. T.

THE WAY TO THE ETERNAL

BY
CLINTON W. COLLIER

TRUTH IS IMMORTAL

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

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DEDICATION

I dedicate these lines to Jesus, the Christ,
To whom I owe all that I am, and have;
And to make Him King of the hearts of the race,
Is the aim I am seeking to move;
If I can help some distraught soul,
Or lead some sinner to get a release,
There will be glory when we reach the goal,
For my Lord, who brought the increase.

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INTRODUCTION

Every man has the right to live;
He has the right to serve and grow;
These rights are inalienable from God,
And all just men desire it so.
Humanity in every walk of life,
Sometimes gets away from the truth;
They live for selfish ends and aims,
When service should be the aim of youth.
The mind leads the man on his way,
And taken with the purpose of the heart,
Purified by the aim to serve our day,
Fail not to give happiness on their part.
No matter what service you do;
Whether farmer, banker, or other need;
Give others what ye would they give you,
And your life shall begin to gain speed.
You may be a capitalist, owning things,
You can see that the power you wield
Gives honest service for the income it brings,
And leaves no wounded on the field.
If you are a merchant selling goods,
You can see that your goods are understood;
If you are a lawyer selling advice,
You can know that your advice is good.
If there be anything wrong in your life,
Keep this thought in your mind evermore:
If you are sick or unhappy, your children or wife,
"If thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door."

As humans get out of the way,
And know not what course to take,
We have written these lines,
Aiming to help them correct their mistake.
We have divided it into three parts;
The first is a business man,

Who lost his way in life's battle,
And was losing for lack of a plan.
The second is a young business man,
Who put all his soul in the fight,
First making sure of his course,
That his battle was one with the right;
With him associates a woman,
As pure as God would have her be,
Who bore her share of the victory,
And wore the crown for all to see.
We broadened their actions enough
To include a few of their deeds,
Hoping the picture for an example,
Might answer some one's needs.
The third is a similar couple,
With a small difference of circumstance,
With their additional counterparts,
Associated in life's song and dance.
They fight a good fight and win,
And we follow them across the bar,
Showing of punishment and reward,
A portion of things that are.
Our great Father, and Infinite Love,
Will be with us if we try;
Calling upon Him without ceasing,
Determined the good fight to win, or die;
Never doubt but that you will win;
God Himself must go down to lose;
As His promise is under you,
If you doubt Him, Him you abuse.
Put all you are, have, or expect in God,
And cast off on His love;
Fearing not death, it is not hard to die,
When you die to win a home above.
Fortify yourself for battle!
There is trouble ahead for us all;
Unless you get a good grip on your Maker,
You are sure to catch a fall.

Author.

THE VICTORIOUS NIGHTMARE.

I

Frank Goodwin is a merchant prince,
Full of courage, and of wide renown,
But the cares and confusion of troublous times,
Like a mighty load are bearing him down.
The book-keeper is presenting a list,
Of defaulters to proceed against;
The credit man is pressing an order
Of six figures in dollars, he fears to resist;
The credit of the purchaser is excellent,
Still it is mostly on credit that he does exist;
The purchasing agent is striving to know
How deeply to buy imported merchandise,
While the tariffs impending would tax
The combined ingenuity of the wise.

When the day is finally ended,
And to sleep he seeks to retire,
His mind is full of foreboding,
As if his brain were on fire.
As he drifts away into slumber,
His rest is haunted with a load,
As a dilapidated farm wagon
Jolting over a rocky road.

II

He halts to gaze at a spectre,
Approaching on the crest of the hill;
He is girded with a burden of a flying wedge;
As Mercury he flies, some mission to fulfill.

Ho! Sir, your name?
From whence and whither bent?
Your haste and manner would indicate
You are for some service sent.
He halts, he gazes,
He would look me through!
Apparently you do not see me?
I am standing in front of you.

III

My name you need not,
Since with each task assigned,
A new name is given,
To each matter that I give my mind.
Time and space were wedded,
The hour I began my being;
And to assist in their contriving,
I am now this way pursuing.
The burden you see, is not a burden to me,
But reward for service done;
And may be used for any account,
To finish any service I am sent upon.

IV

Since time has mellowed you,
And your name you do not tell,
I will name you for your work here
The simple name of Mel.
Perhaps you are bound for Gomorrah,
A census of the righteous to take;
And to compass the righting of defects,
Before worse trouble they make.
Or perchance you are meting justice,
To offenders of law divine;
To restore to the widow her dowry;
Or to malcontents add a fine.

I am o'erborne with misfortune,
Of losses on teas and sox;
And restless employes;
Carriers demanding a better box.
There is too much tariff on some things;
Mostly the things that I buy;
The things I sell it's too low,
But everything else is too high.

My corns and bunions are hurting me;
And my digestion is bad too;
I lie awake night and worry,
Trying to sort the false from the true.
My church gives me no assistance;
And when I pray I get no reply;
And when I go to hear Sunday sermon,
All I hear is get ready to die.
I want to live and be happy;
I do not want to quit this game;
There is a lot to do if we only run true,
And do not incline too much to fame;
My face is filling with wrinkles;
My hair is all coming out;
My teeth are gone; the days are long;
And I am threatened with gout.

V

Don't wail to me of your misfortune;
That is all written on your face;
You have the same disease the others have;
I find it in every race.
Be not so faithless, or sorrowful;
Look around at others and smile;
Many a man is buried in a little hole face down,
Who thinks it as deep as a mile.
Life is a thing of motion,
And the vortex of the mind is the thing,
That enables individuals to know their friends,

And empowers a ruler to be king.
The power of universal induction
Draws humanity pole to pole;
And the love of reproduction,
Binds them soul to soul.
All things lead to order,
If time and place are in accord;
But man's will against the Infinite,
Obstructs His holy word.

I note that you have deposited your treasure,
In a place of such renown,
That when the mountebanks howl a measure,
Your fortitude is soon thrown down;
Know ye that goods and chattels,
Are only events of the day,
And should be put to service,
And dispel unrest away.
As for tariffs and tricksters,
The weak fear the strong,
And strive in their building
To fortify against imaginary wrong.

When coupled in holy union,
The masculine soul called right,
Has for its fair sweetheart,
That wonderful power called might,
There is no need of truncheon
To guard enemies from the gate,
As fear and all discomfort,
Will at the horizon wait.
When souls of humans selfish,
With the knavish disease called fear,
Seek to wrench from the hand of time,
Some inconsequential ware,
Without rendering true service,
For the ware they would keep and use,
It is the beginning of trouble,
For all who would thus abuse.

To the master, who from his servant,
Would command greater labor than the hire,
Shall receive instead of his labor,
The services of a slacker acquire.
He loses the confidence and service,
Of the honest in his employ;
And they seek in their fight for subsistence,
Their enemy to destroy.
In the heart of the dishonest master,
Is planted the seed of mistrust,
And as like unto like begetteth,
The wife and children begin rust;
Until evil on evil is added,
And white becomes black as hell;
In the end the result is the same,
To all who do falsely tell.
The servant who lies in bed later,
Or too long lingers over the broth,
Begins to be infected with evils unnumbered,
By this violation of nature's troth.

There are a million ways to do one thing,
And one way to do all things best;
It behooves us to choose the way wisely,
And with vigilance eschew all the rest.
Honor to honor is plighted,
As much in the man as the maid;
Business should have the same integrity,
In dealing with any race or shade;
Your corns and aches are but warnings,
Yelling by nature's voice,
That you are in bad with your Maker,
And should withdraw and mend your choice;
If your prayers are going unanswered,
And your church is but a place to sleep,
Your conscience badly needs half-soling;
And your heart should be probed deep.
Sir, your sins are appalling!
When you seek to carry them through,

Death is waiting with a potion,
To ease the burden too heavy for you.
In seeking to lengthen your sordid life,
You desire what you know not what you do;
But the wisdom of an all-wise Creator,
Has prepared to make all lives new.

Come now, we'll consider your matter,
And perhaps, to keep the garment whole,
We will make a few stitches,
And leave your decision in control.
When once order is in disorder,
Ends become without end;
All prevented might be,
If you from wisdom decision send;
Disaster follows disaster,
As the night the sun;
Then let wisdom's light shine,
Before the darkness has begun.

VI

Friend Mel, I perceive thou leadest me,
Out of this dark haze;
So let us to the garden,
And take a glimpse of nature's ways;
To me these flowers are beautiful;
And I love those singing birds;
I love the brooklet's rippling note,
More than I can say in words.
See yon beautiful maple,
And how it drinks the air;
It seems all nature is full
Of children, wonderfully fair;
The mosses on the brooklet's bank,
How delicately they hang,
Just like they were taught to do,
Before from the earth they sprang;
The glooomy owl hiding in the tree,

With his feathers like shaggy mane;
Goes out at night to watch without light;
With the sun, he hides in this ravine;
How beautiful the thrush's trilling note,
As he sings on the elder bush;
When I look at him I like no bird,
Like the beautiful brown thrush.
How can I evermore in the factory,
Be so harsh with the girl at her sewing,
After seeing the way nature does,
And watching the farmer do his mowing;
Or, if ever I speak again
To my stenographer words shorter than a coo,
I'll straight come to the park and see,
How the squirrels and chipmunks do.
At the bank when a customer comes seeking a loan,
And his credit is not what it should be,
I'll talk so fond in denying him,
He will be glad he was denied by me;
And when out driving and a tire
Goes punctured, down with a slam,
I'll think of the happy little beaver,
When the freshet breaks out his dam;
He goes to work to mend it,
As happy as he can be it seems;
If I could be that happy always,
I would pray for rain in my dreams.
The eagle builds her nest away,
High up on a mounain top,
Where nothing that molests will ever be,
When she is raising her little crop;
The eagle is not a regular fellow,
With his long claws and beak;
When I choose a friend among the birds,
I'll choose one of these, so weak.

Tell me, dear Mel, in your scything way,
Let nothing unworthy escape your blade,

What has been wrong with me so long,
That I have spent my life in the shade?
Seeing not the beauties of the lilies,
Or smelling the fragrance of the rose;
Loving not, affecting not, those treasures,
Even as a pagan or heathen does.

VII

You were born without mundane riches,
For which you have thanks to pay;
And you lacked example and precept,
To hedge you in the righteous way;
You learned early the edge of poverty,
Is not a thing to love and embrace,
And your fight to get away from it,
Cost you much in munificent grace;
Because of that reason developed lop-sided,
And according to the laws of the realm,
You describe an eccentric circle,
As steered by this lop-sided helm;
Environment was not unbending,
And often gave a valuable leave,
Together with induction from heaven,
Drew you to friends prepared to receive.
So life's impulse, braced by such helping,
Sent you bounding through youth,
Onward to a maturing young man,
A ready and receptive votary to truth;
Reason began ranging for conquest,
And taking stock of the field in view,
You chose to wage incessant battle,
For possession of the good things you knew.
In this you were not altogether,
Devoted to acquiring of pelf;
But the lack of a questioning conscience,
Gave excessive devotion to self.
Your wife rather envious of others,
Lent her force to urging you on;

Seeing only the tinsel and laces,
Abetted by the rabble and song;
Into your world came children,
With ego to magnify your need;
You lost all sense of proportion,
Giving only your carnal self meed.
Resistance of all kinds was raging,
Governed by laws of their kind;
Your life blood got badly entangled,
You must get out now and re-wind;
As the hack and sizzle of fortune,
Has damaged and cut many a thread;
And floating a derelict on life's ocean,
You are wounded among the dead.

Shuck off every un-noble emotion;
Enthrall every cumbering care;
And stripped to the sinews for action,
Make firm resolution to share
All your being with the Infinite;
Leave not one thought from His grill;
Accepting all pleasant and unpleasant;
Waiting until He your soul shall fill;
Then you are ready for victory;
No enemy shall too fierce be to fight;
And when your field is well conquered,
Enjoy it with the forces of right.
Your field may be digging or damming;
Or spinning, or hauling, or sea;
No matter what be your endeavor,
Right protected always should be;
And when through the ages impending,
You feel you have finished your day,
Sit down and rest from your labor,
With your friends in a conqueror's way.
Life is not long in the winning;
Indeed, short, if we count truth in;
Sometimes fierce when the battle is raging,
But happiness forever when we win.

This fight is no place for cowards;
We must place our whole soul on the scales;
When we're weighed we'll not be found wanting;
It is only the cheater who fails.

VIII

Mel, I believe your message,
And accept it with all my heart,
But my wife is not a believer,
And from her I loathe to part.

IX

Sir, truth is the main thing to marry;
All others should be ranged thereabout;
Just seek to uphold integrity,
Your wife's fears will soon put to rout.
If we would be perfect,
We must live altogether in God;
Not by Him, or near Him,
But like a pea in a pod.
One center hath all this vast universe in Him;
Wherever light doth go, His spirit there doth dwell;
And though Satan is king below,
Still God is master of hell;
His will is the law of all spaces;
In all matter or energy there is no loss;
He sets the bounds of the universe,
And a wave of light dare not cross;
Throughout all this vastness,
The weight of a single hair,
Displaced from the place where it now is,
Would adjust to the new place when there;
The millions of suns that are pumping,
Their light forever afar,
Through gravitation all is returned,
To the least, to the greatest star.

X

Mel, will you walk with me in this prison?
And after that the banquet hall?
Every one knows that as the world goes,
There may be an eminence for a fall.

XI

First let me leave my treasure
With the warden at the gate,
Lest I be struck with compassion,
And depopulate this criminal state.
We will look the prisoners over
Authority has incarcerated here,
And see what measure of judgment
Has set this state on fire.
This is a place of sorrow,
If justice has been done,
As each must remain to punish,
Until their guilt is all gone.
Here is a stolid murderer,
Who spilt his brother's blood,
That he might gain possession
Of gold, and a few acres of mud;
Let him serve his sentence;
Too light is he thus let down;
But justice tempered with mercy,
Becomes him who wears a crown:
This man with the crooked jaw,
Is here for robbing the mail;
Ah, let him work out the price
He would have gained by his tale:
This man is here it seems
For peddling vicious rum;
Let him serve all his time,
The world is well rid of such scum:
This brother is confined here
For killing a man in his rage;
For one moment's loss of temper

He shall spend ten years in a cage;
Clemency might well be extended to him,
Since in sorrow he doth pine;
As no doubt the dead man was largely to blame,
For the rage that stopped his time.
Look! Here is a poor woman
Put here for stealing a loaf of bread;
Shame on the state and the umpire,
That should have assisted her instead;
This young roisterer is impounded
For violating a maiden's wealth;
The poor fellow was born unlucky,
And is lacking in spiritual health.

Though some in these walls are more punished,
Than the violation they made should decree;
And many there be who were let off,
With a sentence lighter than should be;
Still, vastness moves slow and clumsily,
And justice as an act of the state,
May not always meet justice exactly,
But strikes out an average rate.
Those free who are striving to disorder
The organized plan of the land,
Foolishly do not know that in doing so,
These here at the top would soon stand.
Let the mill of state keep grinding,
And the touch of a hand of love,
Be placed so that from wrecked humanity,
A measure of salvage may resolve.
There are a few in here who might be out,
And no doubt will be, if they learn grace;
But many who are still outside unaccused,
Should be manacled down in this place.

XII

We shall now look over the banquet hall,
And since I am visible to you alone,
We'll take the measure of faces,

And see what your enemies have done.
The banquet is at its height,
And the dancers are adding festivities on;
The host will think it a success,
When the last of the guests are gone.
See this old grub-staking villain,
With whiskers half way down his jaws;
He cared naught for those that he helped,
Except that he might get them in his paws;
Many the man he has sent forth,
With hope rising high in the east,
Only to find himself cast down again,
When he learns his friend is a beast.
Fortune is fair, but fickle,
And those who lean on her arm,
Must take the full measure of drubbing,
Who needlessly discount all harm.
With wine smuggled in here stealthily,
They gorge themselves to the hilt;
On that belly full of abomination
Sometimes great castles are built;
The banker will promise his client,
With a smile that almost rings true,
That he will back him to the limit,
In the things he is about to do;
The politician will look on the widow,
Of an old colleague and say,
I will help you get that appointment,
And forget her before he is on his way;
The social leader deigns to nod
To the climber with a smile,
And may allow informalities,
If the gold is big enough pile;
In fact, they all seem friendly;
The dogs and cats, and ewes;
But hell breaks loose in the morrow,
When they've had time to read the news.
See the girls, how they dance, so loving,
Full of vim and expectant youth;

Ever trusting and never doubting,
All he says is but the truth.
When hearts meet over the decanter,
The river of life runs high,
And promises slip out without measure,
Only to take root, bud and die.
Prolific is the word of the monster,
And all things are possible for the hour,
But oh, how sad it makes the morning,
When they wake, full of unchastened power.
The young man waits for wealth, lingering,
Hoping against hope the old man will die;
Ever fretting of his meagre allowance,
At times too melancholy to cry.

It is a sad state of dominion,
If this capitol rules the world,
As reason against reason is lacking,
And from the pedestal of fate may be hurled;
But these are only the idlers;
Shirkers on the ship of state;
Pray God that better men than these,
Shall be at the helm, at any rate.

This lecherous fat-headed lubber,
Controls a half-million gold;
And were a chronicle of his ambition made,
It would be too much to behold;
He thinks all women are strumpets,
And expects to have the best always;
His gold cannot do what he thinks,
But that rope of sand holds his days.
For gowns and jewelry, and finery,
He has holpen many foolish women down;
After they have spent their living,
They jump off the bridge and drown.
The woman that serves under him,
And holds her virtue still,
Is made of a higher order,
Than he himself can fill.

XIII

Anyway, it is all in the making,
Of one of these modern days;
The fact the sun sets in the evening,
Means nothing in the modernist's ways;
Let us not be forlorn and saddened,
By the sights we now see;
Scattered through the marts of service,
Men and women are what they should be.
Virtue needs no banker;
Her reward she carries in her hand;
And no man need apologize,
For the things that by her stand.
When she sets forth in the morning,
Her measure of toil to do,
There is no sleepy feeling holding her;
She has her courage to see her through.
In her eyes there is a glow of sunshine,
Not like that reflected by the moon;
She is a woman made for the daytime,
And her heart sings a merry tune;
Her employer, a man of sanity,
Finds never a fault or a fear,
And in his heart he regards her,
As a creature of God, most dear;
He looks at her with a fondness,
That you might think more than a friend,
But his own dear wife and babies,
Claim her for their God-send.

He has a brother Charley,
That he loves as himself, as true;
He says to him when visiting,
Did you see Mary looking at you?
In ways, without their seeming,
He makes brother to believe,
In Mary's worth and goodness,
And prepares her to receive,

His heart and hand in wedlock,
And from his soul lays on,
A blessing so rich with gladness,
That the goodness is never gone.

So the state goes on;
Sin dies when his day is done,
But love planted in such a bosom,
After a thousand years, is just begun.

XIV

Mel, what becomes of these loafers,
Who play their game and lose?
Their sins are like the mountains;
Their wrongs they dare not excuse.

XV

Hell is a place for those whose works
Are unholy, or finished not at all,
And were it not for such a place,
The universe would fall.
All who in life's living,
Through carelessness or ill,
Neglect to meet their promise,
Or do wrong with a will,
At the time of judgment,
To them shall tasks be given,
Which cease they cannot to perform,
Until they have fully striven;
This credit when it is earned,
Is due to the man,
Who received the wrongs,
Before the judgment began;
Thus treasures are laid up in heaven,
For those who patiently work,
Receiving nothing of reward,
But never a moment to shirk.

For instance, my good friend Angle,
Being sent by the king,
Into a far savage country,
Some service of value to bring;
He took neither scrip nor money,
Nor credentials on his way;
As the king in that land was denied,
No method of homage could he pay.
Setting to work for king and self,
He established himself in their regard,
And with this credit he began,
Their enmity to retard.
Time flies and things move on;
No fitter could be found,
So ever on the wing,
His prestige was gaining ground;
Until at the final time,
When all tribes could but agree,
He was the fittest to rule,
Ruler of all he should be.
When his work was complete,
And his lieutenants were up-stood,
He leaves all things there,
And presents the king his good.
Now what think ye a king
As noble as he should do,
To reward a servant's faith,
As our dear Angle did do?
This king could not afford
A servant greater than himself to be;
So he moves over,
And says reign here with me.
But Angle, great and noble,
Of course could not permit,
Himself to be exalted to equal
His master in every whit.

XVI

Mel, what of the man who went to hell,
After he had paid the last mite?
When the evil is all made good,
Does he then revert to the right?

XVII

A soul when lost at judgment,
Does of no credit possess;
Since if it had aught to pay,
The wrong than the right would be less.
Hell is a thing of condition,
Rather than of a place;
And the process is one of oblivion,
Rather than vengeance by grace.
When in the course of the ages,
The last account comes in,
The original living impulse returns,
To the ancestors for original sin;
So past is wedded to present,
And the begetter to the begot;
Thus through inverse ratios of time,
The sinner is; still he is not.

When in life an entity,
Would change his estate,
No sooner resolved than granted,
To his new being he doth mate.
He who would thus mend himself,
Should take into account,
That this new estate requires good deeds,
To fill full the new amount.
It is better to remain in low quarters,
Than on ambition's high decree,
To rise to heights immortal,
Where unmaintained, we cease to be.
So Lucifer would be a ruler,

And wished himself dominions wide;
While God took not away his ambition,
In hell he is forced to abide.

XVIII

Mel, how know we there be a God?
How can we certainly know of his existence?
Can you tell me some sure evidence,
Of His personal persistence?

XIX

Oh, faithless and doubting man,
Do you not have eyes that see?
Your hands, your tongue, the world around,
All in all agree, proclaim that He be.
The creature is evidence of a Creator;
Unless you greatly miss the mark,
You will see the building the life of man,
Is more than accident in the dark.
Energy cannot but be in one place,
So when it leaves the sun,
It is absorbed by some plant or flower;
One step of its journey is done;
From everything of beauty,
The infinite eye is looking at you;
A flower, a bird, or the eye of a woman;
Your own heart records all that you do;
There is being written as a wave on a coast,
The acts of the great concord;
When all is summed up, each receives,
A punishment, or a reward;
In every honest heart,
The ear of God is hidden;
So when you go a wooing,
Speak nothing that is forbidden.
Thus from point to point, from act to act,
As from the sun to the flower,
The hand of God reaches out and grips you,

And nothing can ever escape His power.
The Creator's hand is seen so oft,
And so perfect is His nerve,
We think that is the only way it can be,
And from such course it cannot swerve;
True, that is a fact which He has made,
And which would have been otherwise,
But that He made it thus, and thus,
And in His will the secret lies.

When He wants anything accomplished here,
He speaks in the terms of men,
Sending His word in the form of a man;
No matter how hard the task, he will begin.
Music is the voice of the spirit;
Sometimes God that language speaks,
And stirs nations with a song,
His will on the earth to wreak.
This language is spoken by the birds,
And who will question the thought,
That they are praising any other name,
Than that they were by nature taught?
In heredity we know that the law,
Requires the infant its parents to show;
Therefore man's soul in strict obedience,
Is striving nature's laws to know.

The Lord looked through the rainbow's arc,
And saw the world steeped in sin,
All putrid and rotten,
Eaten up from within;
After His vexation,
Which wrecked the lot of man,
He resolved in His heart of sorrow,
Not to look that way again;
Before that time the earth was hot,
And no rainbow had been seen,
As the seas were not all gathered then;
Waters covered the heavens like a screen;

The heat from below grew lacking,
And the waters above increased,
Until the clouds broke up with a cracking,
And all but eight souls were deceased.

Some seek God in the earthquake,
But that is not where He lives;
He lives only with the living;
Like the sun, He always gives;
He tasted death at Golgotha,
And since then He has not been of a mind,
To return to that form of tasting,
Of the tumultuous affairs of mankind;
But when love's full dispensation,
Has been spent, and He lets justice flow,
There will be a jubilee in heaven,
But a full measure of hell here below.

The proofs of a mighty Creator
Are so numerous on every side,
That it is harder to believe that He is not,
Daily are we o'erwhelmed by the tide.

XX

His kingdom shall live forever,
And let none but bastards hold out,
That God is not our father,
And we are all sons, without doubt.
The springtime of life is awakening;
Eternity looms before us now;
And we shall not have to die to taste it,
With a Father's countenance on our brow,
After the night of blackness has passed,
And on our reason the daylight appears,
There shall be such an enlightening,
Life shall not be measured in years;
There shall be no need for professions;
Doctors and lawyers will be out of date,

With the system of conveying knowledge,
Inducted in this super-state.
All men will love their neighbors,
For lawyers we'll have no use;
All people will obey the Creator,
Then a physician would be an abuse;
No need for courts or bosses;
We shall all strive to do right;
And no army or navy will be needed,
As no one then will want to fight.
No need for schools or books,
As the system of learning will be
All added through inductive reason,
And no one need ask, for they can see;
Not only will this process be perfect,
But infinite knowledge at command,
Will advise the particulars of any subject,
To the lowliest servant in the land.
All questions answered with pleasure,
And all we have to do for reply,
Is stop a moment and listen,
To the voice like a whisper near by.

All things come with the waiting,
To those who are honest and true;
Wait patiently then, and with meekness,
For time to bring it to you;
And while waiting keep working,
Moving forward to meet your due;
Receive it with gladness not doubting,
And make yourself ready to deserve,
As service will be free in all things,
And all will be served as they serve.

Machines may be had for all uses,
Performing any feat, except to think;
Build roads, bridges, or dig ditches,
And may serve their own fuel and drink;
Transmuting one element to another,

As in building the base of a road,
By burning a stone foundation,
And rubber-coating the surface to suit the load.
No need to haul material;
With their method they use any kind,
As weaving the finest garments,
From such things as might be picked up by the blind.
Two things are necessary in the process;
Energy to raise the matter to tune,
And a power magnetic to fix it,
And render it from change immune.
There is no danger of over-production,
There will be uses for all they make;
But no call will be unanswered,
And no such thing as a mistake.

XXI

Mel, my heart is still doubting you;
Tell me something about life;
As for instance, what are dreams made of,
And how do those people rule a wife?

XXII

All things that are true are practical,
Only we should find their correct use;
And that is the cause of all trouble,
Misapplying something, with no excuse.
Dreams we know do happen,
And since you are asleep at the time,
Some other force is the moving process,
Maintained for thinking sublime;
Thinking is a process of motion,
Of energy in the cells of the brain,
Which under the pressure of conscience,
Makes arcs of the thought to retain;
Awake this process goes on,
Under the direction of the will,
But asleep the action is another,

As the conscience and the will are still;
It may be a poisonous ember,
Picked up by the blood down below;
Or it may be some visiting spirit,
With a warning to let you know.
Dreams are not for mention,
As they concern you alone;
Though you may weigh their message,
Do so without making the dream known.
No wrong can come from a visitation,
To those who love the Lord;
To others they set up confusion,
By shading the portent of their word.

XXIII

A wife is not ruled in perfection,
As both are one in the main;
What is profit for the husband,
For the wife also is gain;
Seek not to have dominion,
Over her who is as you,
And by love you can sway each other,
To any course where love is true;
Your wife and you should both,
Keep within the heavenly law,
And in measuring two sides of all questions,
You will find it to be a draw.

We might talk on here through the ages,
About everything below the pole,
But since you are about waking,
I will hasten to further goal.
I will hitch my shield to light,
At the end of the night,
And speed my course afar;
To touch and gleam on every beam,
Of yon distant star.

A STRANGE COURTSHIP

I

I wish to ask a question,
In all good faith of my mind:
Why are there no virtuous men?
At least, no mention of the kind?
Of course I suppose there are a few,
Though I cannot vouch a name,
But if virtue is a thing to be desired,
Why do not men set it up as an aim?
If it be a fact that virtue is good,
Then we are losing something worthwhile,
And we should bring the subject out,
And study it seriously, no humorous smile.

What I started to tell,
Is the story of Will Charlmain's life,
How he broke all precedents,
In his attempt to win a wife;
Will had that same trouble;
He wondered why virtue is a monopoly of the women,
And he had a suspicion too
They rated it among fruit as a lemon;
Now, I wonder if the pearl of greatest price
Has been tossed about as a myth?
Women possessing as a necessary evil,
While men know little of its pith?
What is it good for anyway?
Things of value are not valued without worth;
Some things of value give a noble service,
While others produce a lot of mirth;
I understand a woman got enough,
To heal her after twelve years diseased,
By touching the hem of a garment,
And the hem was not altogether displeased;
Another time it turned a lot of water into wine;
Apparently the catalyst that goes between,
It adjusts the desires of the possessor,

To the outside world, like a machine.
Do you suppose it could bring two people,
Who each desired the other from afar,
And join them together while yet strangers,
Breaking down all resistances that bar?
Will believed it could do that,
And with satisfaction shine through the one possessed;
Or if virtue is held in duress,
The dissatisfaction would show it is stressed.

But when Will went wooing,
He had ways little known;
His affections came forth in such volume
No woman would call him her own.

II

At last there was Helen Gounode,
A lady of mighty scorn,
Who would not be won by any man,
Not the rarest creature born;
Helen was a woman of high spirits;
Of worldly wisdom well fraught;
And scorned with a devilish gesture,
That every man could be bought;
But like many things we all have seen,
This casting without a care,
Of unweighed words lacking tenderness,
Of friends makes one bare.
She grew into such a fashion,
That she could not find a mark,
For her barbed arrows to strike
At this masculine shark;
Thus in desperation,
She was swamped with power,
Of her own creation;
Her soul could not rest an hour;
This thing in her heart she had planted,
Was filling her life with hate,

And how to get rid of it?
She was shocked to think it might be too late.

Without friends and left alone,
She tackled her unrest with rage,
And like the conquering spirit,
Never ceased the battle to wage.
Since men thought her a termigant,
They never gave her a smile,
And often to keep from meeting her,
Would walk around a mile.
All her satire became silent,
And waging her battle alone,
She could not for her life hate men,
Now that they were gone.

Helen was made of courage,
But fortune had taken a whet,
And fitted her tongue with lashes,
Where modesty should have been met.
Taking stock of herself,
Her womanly passions crowding within,
She began listening to the voice of nature;
Counting the wages and anguish of sin;
She put her tongue to discipline,
And in her maidenly way,
Began her own chastisement,
Hoping there would come a day;
Some good man might have accident,
And she would catch him down;
Or perchance in the water,
She might not let some one drown.

She once was shrew at surface,
But deep down in her heart,
She knew she was pure and virtuous;
And she pined for Cupid's dart.
At times in the park she went moping;
For women friends she cared not;

She had probably purchased a spinster estate,
And about it she would not hear a lot.
Once she went to the theatre,
Picking out a man not a crook,
She sat close up beside him,
Observing with a shy look;
Wondering if affections, without cheating,
From a man and a stranger could be had;
Then without further discerning,
She drew away, feeling bad.
O hell of hells, I'm descending,
And where is the bottom of it all;
I would rather be an angel in heaven,
Than a poor woman after the fall;
I will be myself, a woman unashamed;
I'll hold myself in or burst;
And I'll wait, and wait, and wait,
To see whether a man or death comes first;
While I wait I will be working,
Preparing for the day,
When love shall satisfy the hunger;
I am not happy, but I will be gay.

I have a job at the customs,
And tomorrow I will begin;
Today I will sit in the park awhile,
And pray away my original sin;
I will sit here among the roses,
On this little bench with no back,
And smile, and smile, and smile,
And try to search out what I lack.

III

Will Charlmain has come to the city,
And here in the park he strolls;
Re-digesting his twenty-eight summers;
Sometimes on the grass he rolls;
Since he could not court one woman,

And none undertook to court him,
While many would look with longing,
And wonder if he would come to them.

Perhaps he is a little conceited,
And because he is not accepted at his worth,
He chills all those who would befriend him,
And makes friendship well nigh dearth.
Ambition fires him to show them,
To work he goes with zeal;
And though he began business on credit,
His credit is now as the common weal.
When success his efforts attended,
Many females were ready to smile;
His conceit turned their smiles to hypocrisy,
Thinking they would money beguile.

Down deep, Will is a jewel;
As honesty weighs pure gold,
So heavy obligations are wearing,
All the conceit from his soul.
He frequently stops, recounting,
All the girls he might have had,
Still he is not sure he is mistaken;
And a horror he has for the bad.
Of a fact, he does not know women;
His acquaintance ne'er o'erreach their smile,
And to think of being cheated in honor,
To him is an exasperating trial.
Still, his instinct tells him,
That women are better than men;
At any rate he feels they should be,
Since nature requires it of them.

For women of loose reputation,
While he loves them in some part,
He could not surrender his manhood,
To indulge them heart to heart.
Truth is a mighty corrector,

And sometimes with vengeance wields his rod;
Since truth with this man is held highly,
He is fenced in and hedged with a guard;
How can I if ever I marry,
And get a woman good and true,
Say to her that I have gone gayly,
And also believe I am as good as you;
If I do, and I am as good as you,
Then pity the life I shall lead,
Believing that some other gull,
Is stealing away my feed;
Since spirits of a kind are attracted,
I will be what I want her to be;
And then if God fails to lead me,
I'll disclaim all responsibility.

I left the country and its pure air,
Coming here a day to breathe smoke,
And in this park I am roaming,
Thinking only of a vine for my oak;
I am tempted by these city strumpets,
With their Bohemian rage and gall;
I could spend the day with them,
But conscience would surely let me fall.
I am undone, and crestfallen,
In this beautiful city with its charms,
All for the lack of a female,
To hold close in my arms.
They are here to be had in plenty,
But none are waiting for me,
As I demand all integrity,
That kind—me a stranger—holy gee!
I will sit here in this bower of roses,
And rest my tired feet;
But my soul is more tired than body,
And a sweetheart alone for it is mete.

The lady, oh, see the lady!
But she is looking the other way;

Her hair, I am in love already;
More beautiful until it turns gray;
Just my size and complexion;
Such a soft velvet skin;
I could love that girl forever,
And I am sure it would be no sin;
She is smiling now; more beautiful;
Such a lovely curve to her lips;
I'll bet in her eyes I can see heaven;
Such excellent legs and hips.
Too bad this foolish generation,
Will not let me speak to her now;
I am sure we could reach an understanding;
I wonder what she would do if I bow?
She keeps smiling, I wonder what for?
Some lover, perchance;
Oh no, that could not be;
Any man would be here in a trance;
I am the only man looking,
Likely fate has made my choice;
I am in a trance as I should be,
If I am her mate I will rejoice;
I believe it's a fact, she is lonely,
And longing for some one, as I;
I think I shall clasp her and kiss her,
And tell her we'll never say good-bye.
Oh resolution, abet and defend me;
If I fail in this endeavor and lose,
I shall die a bachelor and lonely,
If she with me does not choose;
She looks at me, oh glory!
She smiles and I smile too;
She looks honest; she's truthful, a virgin;
Heaven has blest me, what shall I do?
I'll kiss her and apologize later;
She is too good not to wait and hear;
And I am sure, as I am honest, she will listen,
And seal my bliss with her cheer.
My dear, I know God has prepared you,

For me, and me alone;
(She resists not; she smiles, and I kiss her;
She slaps me in a rage; calls me a villainous drone.)

IV

I'll slap your face from your head,
Taking advantage of my reverie;
No gentleman would insult a lady in such manner;
I will have you arrested for your incivility.

V

She went into the ladies' rest house,
And has not returned till dark;
I hoped she would return with an officer;
I should be glad to pay for my lark;
I will go home, and back to work,
And forget that she has lived;
For mine she may not be proper,
Still my soul from my body she has rived;
Such a shock of emotions,
I never thought a woman could give;
My soul was filled with elation;
That one kiss is something for which to live;
Yet I must conquer my passion;
Exterminate every thought from my heart,
And give my life to service,
Living only to help others, and do my part.
There is no way to run this world without women,
And it would seem to be my due,
To love one, have a home, and support her,
As all worthy men do.
Still, I suppose if I give all,
To my Creator's cause,
In caring for the helpless,
And mending other's flaws,
I shall have done as much good,
And probably a good deal more,
Than if I get married,

And all resources in one place pour;
Like sewing to the wind in winter,
As down to the blasts of March,
And trust the wisdom omniscient,
To nurse it on His hearth.

VI

Helen:
Tomorrow is my day of service;
My heart and brain are in a whir;
When I would most love to sit dreaming,
I must put a rule on me and stir;
I'll put my talent to usury,
And learn better to sing and play;
All things for my soul's playground,
Preparing for the day;
Oh, how I abhor my rearing,
And those who brought me up;
Here I have refused a banquet,
And now must dine a mere sup;
In the shadows and empty places,
My heart sounds like a shell;
Each sigh rumbling and bumping;
I think I have located hell.
I ventured back to the spot where he hurt me;
Indeed, did he hurt me at all?
He was merely caressing,
And I knocked him for a fall;
He was sitting on the spot where I sat,
His hands holding up his face;
I had not the up-bringing
To apologize for my own disgrace.

VII

The days and weeks are flying;
My work so absorbing and full;
I have had no time for crying,
But now with more leisure I am dull;

I now have smiles a plenty,
But oh, how they pale by his side;
My heart will never admit one,
A bean in a space so wide;
How void my mind shows me, fighting;
The shrew I thought I put down,
Arose in a termigant way,
And proceeded Cupid to crown;
His eyes all mellowed with love,
Shone down through a blush deep red,
And I like a raging wild something,
In a frenzy on a prime lettuce bed.
But how could he, if he has breeding,
Thrust himself into a woman's life such,
As to tear her soul from its moorings,
And then say "I did nothing much."
He must know now his transgression,
And return to that spot to apologize;
And on each Sunday afternoon,
I will go there and await his surprise;
I know as I wait with longing,
For the touch of a lover's caress,
I am building my house on moonshine,
And may never have children to bless;
But faith comes a bracing,
Like wind in an empty sail;
My soul turns about and holds me
To the one I know will not fail;
Nameless, I love him the better;
I wonder what tied me so fast?
Is love's union a terrible chemistry,
That holds inseparable to the last?

VIII

Will:
I wonder how it goes with the woman,
I insulted once on a time?
My heart keeps urging her beauty,
And painting a picture sublime;

I cannot permit it, however;
My will shall master my life;
I'll place in front of her picture,
Something ugly, wretched, strife.
As a man of honor, and chivalrous,
I should return to beg pardon;
She no doubt thinks I am a villain,
And to bear it, perhaps, is my just burden;
Where could I find her?
For what name should I enquire?
No street, no home, can I look for her;
Like choosing one from a million wire;
My heart loves her, I know it,
As on the day I thought I had won;
To her I must look like a bad boy,
Who throws a rock just for fun;
I might go back to that place,
Some Sunday afternoon and wait;
Like a murderer returns to the scene,
And trust the balance to fate.

Life is full of cross-roads,
Where we meet with men and maids;
And like cards, the trumps
Are like the numerous trades;
Who makes the trumps makes the difference,
In this game of life;
While one man plays for deception,
Another is playing for a wife.
In my days I have known those men,
Who thought it verily meed,
To use unsuspecting maidens,
Would invent any lie they might need.
In business the game goes on,
And it behooves us, every one,
To see that the cards we play with,
Lie face up to the sun.
There are those who keep their secret,
Hoping to gain what others earn;
But honest men know that game

Is too expensive for them to learn.
God knows all secrets,
And if we live close to Him,
He will tell us everything we need know,
For the righteous, He has charge of them;
I wonder if the girl I saw,
And kissed her at the time,
Can speak this infinite language?
And does she with the Infinite dine?

At the store today I met a man
Who came to sell me goods;
I knew when he tried to measure me,
He was selling not nails, but hoods;
When they try to find your weakness,
With little bribes, or smutty jokes,
Remember then, and forget not,
Unless your neck is made for yokes.
You need a lot of defenses
Against the wiles of men,
And a successful man should be ready,
With worthy measures to defend.
The lion walks in with his cigars;
He knows I need a machine;
Instead of showing its efficiency,
On its success he begins to beam;
How Bullrush, and Smotherson and Hookum,
And numerous other tricks,
Never discovered the pea was not there,
Until in his pocket the money he sticks;
Men of various and sundry makes,
Honest and dishonest, full of preparation;
They would have you believe they are there,
When they boast and boost their reputation.

The boys who get to work late,
Or who smoke or loaf on the job,
Are cheaters the same as the man,
Who plans by other means to rob.

Those who have a surplus of might,
Either of brain or brawn,
And have no compass of right in sight,
Are laborers before the dawn;
They may be worthy of much good work,
But when they work in haste,
When the light of brighter reason shines,
They realize they commit great waste.

In the day I can work and serve mankind,
But when the day is done,
I go to bed and toss and fight,
A visage that will not be gone;
It is always a woman, though not the same dress,
The face I see is the same,
She's teasing and pleasing, coaxing and smart,
But it adds the more to my shame;
I wrestle and strive from nine to twelve,
And then perhaps go to sleep,
But never a night without the same fight,
My soul to keep, or not to keep.
O fair soul, if I only knew
I could make you better by seeking,
I would search you out, the world about,
And never cease my speaking.
Suppose she is married, and babies?
Into her haven I bound;
I hurt her before, she may expect more;
It might be stirring an old wound.

IX

Here comes old Scoggins of the plaining mills;
Heart as big as an ox;
Honest and fair, reason a little rare,
But strong at bearing mocks.
Hello, sonny, you look pensive as a flower
About to shed all of its perfume;
I know something is eternally wrong;

Small things in you find no room;
Don't think I take liberties with you,
Addressing the boss as 'Sonny,'
You know we all love you, and anything will do,
To make you love us, so many.

That is all right Scoggins, I'm glad to be pals
With a man as courageous as you;
I hope I shall never meet worse,
Or have friends less true;
There are Knox and Baggott who fell out,
About some trivial something;
Knox has his little life all his own,
And from outside he wants nothing;
He is strong for his personality, not a bad thing,
But search out his truth he will not;
Anything that is his, any habit, any fault,
Drinking, drugs, it is all right; change not a dot.
Baggott is just the reverse, though equally as bad;
He is not sure he is living, if you say he is dead;
He drinks, he gambles, all such things;
He will tell you he knows they are wrong;
He should quit—he has—
And he knows he will not all along.
Scoggins, hire men for courage,
Who look you in the eye and smile;
Answer questions without a flicker of countenance;
Whose records show no guile.

After all, Scogins, a man is a man,
No matter where you find him;
Many of those with millions
Are cheap as dirt, never mind them.

How can a man weigh honor?
To what test can you put it to show,
That one class is better than another,
And their seed more entitled to grow?
Life is an abstruse proposition,

And how we may propagate our souls,
Is more than a wise man's question;
We must pay life's gate-keeper her tolls.

Every man is a vast composite,
And we all have our cowardly parts,
Coupled no doubt with courage;
All arranged in orderly symposium,
Something like a true skin, and warts;
The will seems to be the helmsman,
And conscience is no doubt his mate;
They steer this ship of commotion,
Through all of life's busy estate.
The question is how does it happen,
That cowardice gets to the wheel,
When reason, that peculiar character,
Is supposed to know what is best for the weal?
We breathe some fuel from the air,
We eat and drink the remainder;
With this beginning of material,
Our life fits out its container;
We have a heart, brains and blood vessels;
And a nervous system that is a wonder;
It gets these all tied up together,
And like as not it will begin to plunder.
We are coupled to the universe through light,
Which rolls right into the eye;
Changes mounts something like from a boat to a plane,
And on to the brain it will fly;
To get all this process in mind,
Is a little beyond my grasp;
But I assume the light wave reaching the nerve,
Has completely filled its task;
This nerve has an apparatus on the end, filled on the inside,
With a current reaching a cell in the brain;
The light moves the diaphram of this apparatus; the nerve train,
Like a million hammers on a cake of wax,
What we see, it moulds and shapes the thing;

The same thing works in the ear,
The nose, the hand, the tongue;
Only the nerve is activated in a different way,
And recorded with another prong;
The nose and tongue use a chemical process;
The electron waves from one element to another;
While the ear and hand start the motion process,
Oh, well; by something, or other;
The thing I am getting at is this;
I have everything I need to live;
Yet I am not happy, and why it is,
I must appeal to a woman to give.
Give what? she has nothing I want,
Only I want her near by;
And yet it seems what I want to do,
Is give her something, or try;
I might give her diamonds,
And jewelry, and clothes of every style;
I might give her food and a home,
Yet if I thought that was her highest wish,
I would not a home defile.
I might give her love, but what is that?
She might give me the same in return;
And still in our ignorance and benighted way,
For our excess we may burn;
What then? shall I marry one of them?
If not what shall I do?
Is there not some way I can do better work,
Than marry and love like you?
You married, have daughters and sons;
You love them no doubt, as you should;
I am single, yet I am seeking,
A way by which I can do more good.

We know that nothing of material or energy,
Is ever lost from the universe;
Therefore my soul, if I have one,
When in death I immerse,
Shall remain for good or ill;

As it now has the power to do, and think;
It shall continue to have will;
If I live here and love you all,
And help you in every way I can,
When I am gone the love you owe,
You will still owe the same man;
Therefore I can gather my love from you,
And carry it to heaven with me;
Otherwise it is a debt that cannot be paid;
Then should it permitted be?

The bank, those mills, and stores;
The farms and other things,
Are not mine to own;
I am trustee for all beings
Who look to us for service;
And though I to some extent;
Control the destinies of all,
Yet I am here by the powers that be;
And to avoid it would mean to fall.

This reasoning of mine is but to explain,
That with a woman I am in love;
I know not where she lives, or her name,
Or whether she is below me, or above;
I met her but once, and by chance,
And I kissed her before we spoke;
And then her rage was so great,
My nose she nearly broke;
I am now all things to all men,
As well as to woman-kind;
I know not what I wish to do;
It was a wise man who said Cupid is blind;
I am like a soldier in war,
Unafraid of any duty;
But I would do nothing that would lead,
To censure of my fair beauty;
Death, if that be the noble thing,
I would embrace like a friend;

But since death is a hazardous chance,
I shall not hastily seek my end.
Any humiliation I could endure,
If my heart would urge me on;
Any vengeance I would wreak,
If it were against the wrong.

Scoggins, I will not ask you
To find the answer to this raving;
Just go ahead and do your work,
Effecting every saving.
I will find some way to dispose of myself,
If it takes me to the bottom of the sea,
And I will get my conscience on my side;
We two shall never disagree;
I had my conscience when I kissed that girl,
And my reason was with me,
Though my brain was in a whirl;
But the thing broke down somewhere;
And the fault was mine,
I could not blame her.

X

Will:
Now here comes mother,
Dressed up like a girl going to play;
These women are great in their freedom,
But even mothers should have their day.

Hello, Sonny, what is your trouble?
Your countenance looks clouded for a storm;
I have prayed all these years so earnestly,
That my boy might not feel the stab of wrong;
Now let me sit right here on your knee,
So strong and able to bear,
And put my cheek up against yours;
Tell mother the cause of your care;
Has sin brought on this unbalance,

Or some cheater got in his work?
May be the bank has been robbed?
Perhaps some deed in the dark?

Pshaw; by golly, I never thought of that,
But I'll bet that is what I did;
I will tell you all; it has taken away my appetite,
And put my sleep on the skid;
Mother, is it a sin to kiss a woman,
Because you do not know her,—in the park?
You know I am not much on flattery,
And take no stock in deeds in the dark.

Son, you have sinned, it is true,
But not against the laws of God;
Neither against man's laws did you,
Over woman's laws you have trod;
Woman you must learn, has her dominion,
Where man, unbidden, may not go;
And you have chosen a fair lady,
That you might break her law.
You must find her and tell her,
You meant not to fling in her face,
Her precept of authority;
You were only seeking her grace.
Your way would be good if all people
Could read in the lines of the face,
The meaning of every emotion,
And keep them in their proper place;
You must seek out this woman, requite her;
Your act like a gong on a bell,
Has set her whole being in motion,
And she'll either have heaven, or hell;
Heaven, if some one with her music,
She can play in a solitary ear;
Hell, if no ear is to be found,
Which in her heart she holds dear.
Womankind you should not esteem lightly,
Or with small cause set aside;

All men owe them a great patrimony,
And one way to pay is take a bride;
Love to a woman is like the rain,
Upon the flowers and fruits;
Without it they wither and perish,
Taking with them their seed untouched.
Deny not a woman her toll of love;
You owe it, and honestly should pay;
What to one may be a paltry thing,
To another is the making of day.
It is a small thing that has its beginning,
In the heart of a woman's emotion;
But great is the end to which it grows,
Like the swells and tides of the ocean.
A woman's heart and smiles should be in tune,
With the infinite heart and plan;
When God wishes something done soon,
He smiles on a woman for a man.

No husband from his wife should hold
Any of her honest due;
But many men from maids are with-holding,
Today what they should not, as you.

XII

Mother, you think only of woman,
And what she would have and be;
Never consider for a moment,
The cost; or the result to see;
Now take these modern women,
With their paint and powdered nose,
What care they for duty,
Seeking only pleasure and clothes?

For children they are evading;
They love to play in the stream,
But for fear of pain and anguish,
They dare not do more than dream;

Now for loving such a woman,
Why, she would not carry the load;
Love requires a sound foundation;
These have the strength of a toad;
When admiration seeks for perching,
It looks for the things to be worn;
As the rose a bed of beautiful green,
With the stem covered with thorn;
If we want a messenger for danger,
We do not choose a coward to go;
If we want a son from heaven,
Should we this duty on a weakling throw?
I tell you the way of the righteous,
Is not through the heart of a woman,
Of the modern make, who love ease,
And care naught about the domain.

Think you they will not seek honor,
Theirs and others besides?
If their legal friends cannot be donor,
On some other fortune they ride;
They care not what conscience says,
It's the way the world looks on;
If others will not interfere,
What they privately use, they will publicly don;
The honor of woman in the concrete,
Has come to such a control,
That it is nothing but reputation,
Prevents half from selling their soul;
Look how many of them wreck themselves,
For the sake of such fool trumpery,
As clothes, and cars, and show;
When if their hearts were honest,
They would work and suffer and strive,
A better estate to grow.

Take these giggling girls,
Who go roving in the parks,
Exposed at both extremes;

The subject of a thousand remarks;
Of course I do not mind them,
I really enjoy the view,
But I guess they will be sorry sometime,
When they see what their recklessness can do.

XIII

Mama:
Oh, Sonny, you are pessimistic;
I will hold you a little tighter;
And tell my boy a few things about life,
That will make him a better fighter.
Women use paint and powder,
Because they are not what they would be;
That is a good sign, Sonny,
Just wait on time and you'll see;
What they would be, they will be,
If we let them have a chance,
And show them the way to it,
Their beauty to enhance;
You would not have them less beautiful,
Now, would you, my dear?
They like red cheeks and lips,
For the pale ones they wear;
They'll find how to get them,
From nature by and by,
And what a woman will give nature then,
It won't be because she did not try.
God is the author of this thing,
And when He plants a desire,
No matter, in the heart of a woman,
He sees the fruit it will bear.

As for children, give them a chance,
They'll give you all you can support;
You'll find it is not all the woman's fault;
You know men claim the right to court.
It is fixed in the heart of a woman,

As to live, is to love a child;
And that is part of the reason,
These barren ones are so wild.
Of course after they have fallen,
No matter whose be the fault,
They are then things of pity;
Their souls are stained and halt;
You should not wish to love one,
Because of any sin she is abetted;
You love her for the place
God has to her committed.

They carry no load much;
They are not equal to that work;
But the world is equally afflicted,
With men who their duty shirk.
The state is the burden of the betters,
And since they cannot carry it all,
We have to get along the best we can;
In some way keep from a fall;
If all men were like my big boy,
I am sure there would be some speed
To this old ship of state,
In her rush to get ahead.

You know the world moves slowly,
And it has been a long time,
Since reason began
Our march toward the sublime;
But dear, we are moving on,
And never be discouraged a day,
Because every setting sun,
Will find us further on our way.

Many, many, a woman has failed,
Who otherwise would not,
If she were with a male,
Who would help her lot;
So many have their own sins,

And their men's as well to carry,
That I am more surprised,
So many as there are who marry.

The men commence early to practice sin,
And think it such an honor,
They brag about it when
Some other fool would follow;
They expect a woman to remain pure,
While rubbing up against
Every contamination which is sure
Her character and reputation to paint;
Some of the villains go about bragging,
Of something they have done;
As promising to marry some maiden,
Who believing, permits her life to ruin.
When her flower has fallen,
And her truth she cannot plight,
What is the poor girl to do,
Since men decide what is right?
If she tells the next man
"How pure and true she is"
She lies and knows it,
And her conscience begins to sizz;
Suppose this man marries her,
And sticks to her for life,
Do you not think his children,
Inherit the lie of his wife?
Maybe he is the same as she;
Maybe he did the same;
And then their children are poor,
No matter how wealthy their name;
Supposing again she tell the truth,
What does the second man say?
Has he the honor to put her off
Without enjoying his day?
Then while supposing, suppose again,
That this man loves her,
And after knowing the whole truth,

He shall marry her,
Do their children suffer from her youth?
Nay! of the whole proposition,
I would choose the last;
But I should advise all maidens,
To wait till the sanctuary has passed.

XIV

Mother, you are a woman,
Which for a man to inherit,
Though he has nothing else,
He is rich beyond all merit;
The world we have here,
With its abomination full,
The good and the bad are so mixed,
That with care we must choose,
With the bad to fall, or with the good to rule.

XV

Secretary:
Mr. Will, the bank says our credit is up,
And the pay-roll is due to-day;
What shall we do, we owe quite a sum,
And our money half enough the men to pay?
Mr. Secretary Sterling, credit is nothing,
That is, nothing per se;
And then again credit is everything;
That is without it, we could not be;
Just tell the men we'll pay them half this week,
As our money has all run out;
And hold up on all new plans,
Until the bank learns we are still about.
All our men have faith in us;
In fact. they know our mind;
And when you consider what all that means,
We've got a lot of credit left you'll find;
They know we are working at a profit,

And all our deeds are true;
And they know everything here is security
To laborers for what they do.

XVI

Will:
George, consider two men:
One with a million gold, but lacks the faith of the world;
The other hath nothing,
But the world believes in his mind and every word;
The man with the gold must always pay in advance,
No matter what he owes;
The man with the credit can do what he wishes,
As all men know how he goes;
He buys everything that he needs to begin,
And pays with an I O U;
He manufacturers his wares and sells;
The I O U is past due;
His creditor knows that he is in a pinch,
And trades his note if he must,
To the baker for bread, who passes it on;
All men accept it, they know he is just;
The goods go out, the notes come in;
The difference is left at the bank,
And may be used for any design;
But for all of this he has credit to thank.

You see from this what a good world it would be,
If every man would walk straight;
But lust and greed, and the love of sin,
Are holding back the welfare of the state.

If every man had credit, as he should,
Which includes of course the will to do right,
They would take off all the locks from the banks and stores,
And let any man take anything in sight;
They would take what they need and leave a note,
Explaining what they had bought;
And once in a while some fellow would check up,

And replace everything needed, as he thought.
These are a few of the transient things,
We could reap, if we would all sew;
But truth is, the mind cannot conceive,
How far beyond that we would go;
Truth is the key to everything;
Whether of mind, matter, heaven or hell;
If Truth took a dip to the bottom of the pit,
The devil would try to stop Him before He fell.

XVII

Will:
George, why don't you get married?
You have everything you need to start;
And there are plenty fair ladies around here,
Some of whom you might find worth the part.

Boss, men and women,
Are not their own masters, as they think;
We are free to do as we please,
But from what some please, others shrink;
I make up my mind about things,
But always with a degree of limitation;
I might marry this girl, or that one,
But back of it I feel a certain consolation;
Love is the thing we must have,
And without that all marriage is foolish;
So in thinking on any of them,
I consult love first, as it is mulish.

Why cannot I love them, you ask?
I can love any of them at a price;
But the price I must pay, or the task,
Is where the cat loses the mice.
The first one for instance is ambitious,
And to marry her would cost me much,
And in arranging her pleasure,
I should give up my ambition as such;
The second has no ambition,

But would cost a lot of cash;
Her mind never goes above commonplace,
And we would mentally live on hash;
The third one is too fickle,
Her eyes are always ready to agree,
But I would want one to be herself,
And after that agree with me;
This fourth one is good and noble,
In fact everything I could desire,
Except that she seems to be lazy,
And I would like one to have some fire.

There is no use such thrashing,
As we all see them different when they wish;
When one of them takes a notion for me,
All she'll need do is make her skirt swish.

You know boss, we bank a lot on proposing,
But I fear the truth is distraught,
As usually when one decides whom she wants,
We don't get far until we are caught.
They'll stab you when you are not looking,
With some little tweet, or a sniff,
And while you are trying to comfort them,
You feel your heart go biff.

XVIII

Helen:
How the long months are dragging,
Since that day when I thrust love aside;
Sometimes my faith comes in limping,
But I restore it, and constrain it to abide.
Last night I dreamt my mother,
Came kneeling by the side of my bed,
And with face smiling and cheerful,
So comforting and loving she said:
"Don't let any down-cast countenance,
Deck your brow again my dear;
Your bold and nonchalant lover,

Is faithful, and to his heart you are near;
Be faithful to him daughter,
As he is a prince among men,
And the love in your hear magnetic,
Will tack his sails to you again."

My mirror shows me a woman,
Twenty-six summers have come and gone;
I have prepared the finest banquet,
And my guest, oh, how I wish he would come.
Most women make that color with cosmetics,
But blood and the breeze have made mine;
My eyes are sharp, but not hostile,
And the fulness has come by time.

Oh, how I have fought for beauty;
Those curls need not an iron;
All for a man, and one kiss,
And precept against it would warn;
Men friends I now have in plenty;
Are all like soft things, and weak;
And the things they say don't touch me,
Though they seem fond when they speak;
I feel that the man of my emotions,
At the time of our contact,
Bent the bow of my love and hooked it,
And there is none strong enough to unlatch.

I go to the place every Sunday,
To watch for the one that I love;
At the hour of our encounter,
My heart begins to shove.
Oh! What shall I do when he does come?
How can I ever stand or move?
With my blood all rushing faceward;
And my heart flooded with love.

I have been saying my prayers in bed,
But tonight I'll get down on the floor;

Perhaps in humility, God will hear,
And grant the petition I seek evermore;
"Oh, Lord, and Father of mankind,
On the bosom of whose infinite love,
All your creatures are born with their cares,
Please bend your ear and my ache remove;
Spirits wearing love's crown;
Dear Uncle on whose back so oft I rode,
Consider my terrible estate cast down,
And help me, and lighten my load."

I know that in heaven where joy is complete,
There is solace for a soul like me,
And I shall without ceasing keep bombarding the gate,
With petitions for help, and succored be.
Methinks I should love to live,
Where God and the good do dwell,
And hear the wondrous music of the sphere,
And hear all the ages join to tell,
How from all lands of chaos they came here.
I seem to drift away as I contemplate,
All the beauties that live in the world to be;
And as I pass by the wonders of the land,
I can see a flowered mansion for me.
Mansions in this land are not built of stone,
But of the things we have loved and wanted long;
Everything thought dear we have near,
While nothing is afar, except wrong.

Since souls are immortal every one will have,
All the room they want, great or small;
And every one equipped with such joy-bringing gifts,
That all things we need come at our call.
The spirit of holiness, so great and wide,
Is something like our system of phone,
Only all our connections are instantly made,
And then instantly we finish and are gone.

If you would travel, there is some such a plan,
As a letter of credit at the bank;
We put ourselves in for what we are worth here,
And immediately cash out over there.
God weighs souls in the terms of light,
And gives them their candle power,
So they may shine as they please at all times,
And live in darkness not an hour.

If we would have music, it shines from our light,
And all we have to do is hear;
But if you grow tired of going so nice,
Then let your light strike you with fear.
There is room in heaven for all you will,
And means to make it come true;
We all lack the desire for ill,
And have means in ourselves, ill to undo.
If we desire to the earth to return again,
We climb to a distant height,
And from where the resistance of our aim is shown,
We cast off and take our flight;
When reaching the place of our journey's end,
We compass the thing we are about,
And since we brought the power to return,
We ascend with a merry shout.

If we would have food, we have it with the wishing,
As every one's wisher is a thing,
That turns the desire into what we want,
And an instant is all the time a doing.
The beauties of heaven are according,
To the beauty you have in your heart;
Love is always of something building,
Of happiness, or beautiful consort.
No heat, no cold, in heaven,
As those are things of the flesh;
As heat is a thing of action,
The action of each soul is en mesh.
Like water is to a pipe,

And electricity is to a line.
So is passion and thought related,
To the soul of the divine;
The will supplies the pressure,
From a boundless cosmic source,
And the desire of the blessed to do good,
Leads ever to action, without remorse;
With the saints that roam the heavens,
In space boundless wide,
Not a thought of precipitate action,
It is impossible thus to decide;
The spirits of the just are alert,
To do service to the sublime.
And any human appealing for help,
Receives succor, if thoughts are in time;
In heaven this time is a measure,
Related to right and wrong;
If to Heaven we appeal in the wrong spirit,
We collide with the force that would help us on.

A loss to wrong is a gain for the right,
As the universe is made to ring true,
To the heart of the supplicant who would fight,
In the interest of unselfish and honest due.
We might muse on heaven for ages,
And compared to what is not touched, we are mute,
As everything in heaven is found multiplied,
Increasing inversely by cube root.

XIX

Helen:
The night is far spent and I'm lonely;
Sleep has fled from my eyes;
If I could but command my being,
What should I do to be wise?
I cannot reach fair conclusions,
With my soul raging in love,
And all my thoughts in expectation,
Surging at the least delicate move.

The friends at the office are so fond,
Striving always to get a smile,
And I am glad for their love,
As I am sure my strength is on trial.
The little old office boy, Grubbs,
Hangs around my desk like a little pup,
And when I need anything, at a glance,
Grubbs, like "a genii' is up;
He is so afraid I will want something,
When he is gone on an errand, or chore,
When he returns, first thing he does,
Is ask if he can do something more.

That is how I know heaven is a good place,
For love reigns supreme up there;
And here it makes such a difference,
That happiness with Him is anywhere.
I feel so sorry for the girls that lack it;
I watch them sometimes at the Y;
They look so empty and forsaken,
It would not take much to make them cry.
Some are so desperate, it's heart-rending;
One little Miss I know with a beau
She has picked up somewhere in flirtation;
Always in that fantastic roadster, on the go;
If I am any judge of human nature,
She is looking for a man she can trust,
But she certainly made a bad selection—
That fellow thinks honor is a bust.

I know the poor girl is emotional,
And he has energy to spare,
So finding her lacking protection,
He'll lead her into a snare;
Some promise of future condition,
Which he knows well he will not fill;
But she cannot see through his mask;
Such maidens at love have no skill.

Our emotions have a way of crossing the gulf,
That do each of us separate;
While she thinks her heart she obeys,
She bows to the will of a reprobate.
It's sad to know, it's depressing,
To see humanity go to wreck,
But what can I do to help it,
When my own heart knows not when to speak?

XX

Helen:
I see Dr. Soakem Lechmasters
Visiting across the street;
That man is a walking cesspool,
With his smiling face and red cheeks;
Some women seem to prefer him;
He is built for all kinds of calls;
While he knows little of medicine,
He knows how to be silent as the walls.
When evil to evil is mating.
I suppose I have no right to complain,
As otherwise they might become dangerous,
For those who love honest gain;
They spend themselves hell a breeding,
And the harvest some one must reap.
But disease and righteous judgment,
Will help put them to sleep.

I wonder what kind of a nightmare,
Old Soakem has at times?
I'll bet the devil rides him
Till he hears his funeral chimes;
Imagine him reaching the portal of the damned,
With that load he wears like a cross,
Asking for St. Peter, or the angel in charge,
To show him his mansion of dross.
One good thing about it is,
He'll find many of his customers there,
And then they can match their accounts,

Commencing their souls to bare;
They will need much time to uncover him,
Of lies and lust and greed;
But then they'll have time enough,
To weigh and measure every deed.

To the woman with too much fire he told,
That her husband was cheating her bed,
And all he knew was she should too,
Or else she would soon be dead;
He faces her there with her wail of despair,
When they are matching their accounts;
He finds that she is no better than he,
They were charged with equal amounts.
When duplicity starts in to deceive his sister,
He finds when he has made a good job,
That she went around with every bound,
And they suceeded each other to rob.

The wail of the man who thought to appear,
What he knew he was not,
Is heard all about and then drowned out,
By the wails of those who stole what they got;
So lie against lie, and fraud against fraud,
Square the accounts of the realm;
And Satan is able to guard his stable,
And his authority to hold to the helm;
When theft matches theft, the two are naught,
And thus the accounts stand squared;
From greatest to least the ratio goes,
And hell is inversely impaired.

By matching deed against deed, and word against word.
The figures begin to fall,
And as the grossness disappears,
The intrinsic sinner touches gall.
The harder the sinner, the more vicious the deed,
Which they executed with a will;

In hell at last they are bound to their task,
And set to restore the whole bill.

Hell is a good place methinks to be,
As there the wrong-doers find a place,
Where they can pay their debts to the last mite,
And no one to extend them grace.
Justice sits around on every hand,
With a club as big as he can wield;
A sinner himself, each one against all others,
Is striving to control the field.
Like gas within walls when fire is applied,
They produce a lot of power;
Since hell is confined, and the service is outside,
Let them wield their clubs by the hour.

Thus, God in His wisdom saves the lost,
To Himself, even though they are lost still,
And Heaven and Hell work hand in hand,
To do the Creator's will.
Truth is King, and righteousness is good,
And let all who would otherwise consider,
Take care for his hire, else in fire,
He shall serve an unholy bidder.

XXI

Helen:
While walking to day I talked to my neice,
Who says when she is through school,
She is going to be a picture actress;
I said what for, you little fool?
The little sweet replied with more good sense,
Than I had ever guessed she had,
That she wanted to go where she could live,
As life in the pictures is never sad;
She could live in pictures in after years,
When age had brought her down,
And then she could see herself young,
Still wearing a movie crown;

She said she did not want to be a vamp;
She wanted to be a lady pure,
And to play that part, she would live it in her heart,
And success would come then sure.

I told her that some one had to fail,
If contrast the pictures had;
She said there are plenty to play that part,
Who in their hearts are bad.

But you know dear, the right at times,
Has terrible things to fight,
And sometimes you lose, and wrong wins,
After fighting with all your might;
What would you do when you lose,
And the world pushes you down,
Not knowing that you are a better girl,
And do not deserve a frown?
I would just continue to be myself,
And let death take its toll;
You see, if I am I, and they are they,
We won't be buried in the same hole.
But you know, that will not happen now;
The day when right can be hurt,
And nobody raise a protecting hand,
Has been banished from this land.
My dear, do not be too sure of that,
The wrong is still with us,
And may be felt in places,
We are not at liberty to discuss.
The greatest trouble with us girls,
Is the weakness in ourselves;
We fail to be what it takes to stand,
Against some of the vicious wolves;
We want little things that catch our eye,
Or ear, or taste, in some way,
And before we are aware,
An evil influence holds us at bay;
Of course if we are full of courage,

We would not be at a loss,
But cowardly streaks are in us all,
And one of them our will gets across;
The devil facing you is aware,
That the line he has will not stick,
So he does not dare try to land you there,
But hedges for another trick.

Like little cords, or spider's web,
If we ignorantly the hours beguile,
Before you know it you are tied fast;
Then your enemy gloats in his smile.

It behooves us all to be meek, little dear,
Then we are not tempting sin;
It is equally good to be pure in heart,
So the tempter cannot enter in;
Then we are rich, no matter how poor,
For the heart is a kingdom of light;
The spirit will comfort if you have cause to mourn,
And give courage in any plight;
If we are merciful, we are laying up gain,
For the recipient will owe us love;
And for righteousness we should endure any pain,
The heart of the Infinite to move.

Let us be far from strife,
And in tumult be not dismayed;
For the God of peace is nigh,
And will honor the courage displayed;
If others when envious of you,
Shall falsely proclaim you at sin,
Do not answer with like acclaim,
But pray that the tempter enter not in.
If you are falsely charged,
The truth will bear you up;
Wear a smile and feel good then,
With princes you are about to sup.

Men are supposed to be ruled by reason,
But their reason is mostly short,
And their various moods in season,
Rule them, ranging from anger to sport.
Some get chucked by distemper,
And entertain a grudge, or spite,
And forget everything vital their life needs,
Avenging themselves, and think it's right.

The human is a recapitulation,
Of every animal that lives, or did live,
And you'll find the predominating disposition,
Of any animal the catalogue will give;
There are people like dogs in their passion,
There are men like lions in their wrath,
And women of feline disposition;
Hogs will make mire in your path.

My dear, your aim at art is high,
And I would urge you on;
By raising the quality of pictures,
You will shine through the ages to come;
But bear in mind you alone can do nothing;
You must get a source of strength;
There is just one source you may draw from,
Without compromising yourself at length;
The Infinite ever is ready,
If you'll bathe in the current of His love,
He will give you an impetus forward,
And over all things less perfect set above,
There is more fear from women,
Than you should fear of men,
As the canker your pal may leave you,
Will serve as a lead to bring others in.

XXII

Helen:
A lady at a desk across from me,
With eyes as black as a coal,

Snap fire like the eyes of an adder;
She envies the grit of my soul;
She loves the luxuries of the century,
And famishes for influence with power;
She has a world of dark beauty,
Still she paints to look more like a flower;
Her desire for the things she cannot reach,
Made her hie to money unwed;
Now fear begins to unloose her,
And her heart begins to weigh like lead.

The company she keeps promulgates,
That she pays the piper she hires;
For we all know some of life's antics,
That indicate burning carnal fires.
Humans seem to play upon each other,
As the musician upon his harp;
To do so we must understand the method,
And the pitch, whether flat, or sharp.

I have a stroke of love still ringing,
In my heart which shall never cease,
Until the melodious concord,
Has set my whole life at ease.
Oh, when shall my winter of waiting,
Turn into the spring of the real,
And love set to growing and blooming,
May reward a virgin's zeal?
I shall make a survey of my entity,
And put it in God's hand,
And worry no more of results,
Or where I shall finally land.

Some people think God's kingdom
Will come like the lightning flash;
Methinks it shall rise like the morning:
Like sunshine on beds of trash;
The seed of truth is planted,
And when the light begins to shine,

Out of the world so unlovely,
Will spring everything beautiful and sublime;
The enemy in ignorance and darkness,
Will sneak away with shame,
When the might of reason and gladness,
Begins to proclaim the King's fame.

XXIII

Will:
Father, why so down-hearted?
You look as if the world were at an end.
Son, I am no prophet if God on this wicked generation
Does not some calamity send.

My coal is out, and the price is so high,
I cannot grow enough grain to buy it;
It is cheaper for me to burn the grain,
And let them eat their coal, or try it.
The unions all seem to be mad;
They want the world prepared for them,
Like a banquet, all ready for eating,
Nothing to do but sit down and begin;
They call on the government to take things over,
As if the force of right had no power;
They rant around over the country,
And expect all opposition in front of them to cower;
They know nothing of economics,
That everything in life must be weighed,
Against something else somewhere,
So the ship of state may be stayed.

The men want to run the railroads,
As a thing they themselves possess,
With high pay and pensions to those
Who at labor or serving do the less;
It looks like a game of self first,
And let the man at the bottom
Get what he can, or go hungry;
They are no better than Sodom.

How can I live on equality,
If the men who make what I buy,
Get what I produce in a whole day,
In a few bats of their eye?
At the market a load of potatoes,
Will buy when I exchange it for coal,
About as much, measured in time,
As it took to get them out of the hole;
The coal men for an hour of palavering,
Get as much as I get all day,
So why should not I burn fence rails,
And let them eat their pay?

When I start to market
With the things that I grow on my ground,
The railroad men want more than the price of it,
For hauling it around.

I guess it is about time for the judgment,
Or for everybody to stop and fight,
As things cannot go on this way;
Nothing fair about it; ain't right.

Well, dad, I would not be so gloomy;
There is a lot of room left for hope;
Indeed, the breaking of the day
Is the the darkest period through which we grope;
There is a reward and a rich one,
For all who work with faith;
If you don't get it right away, be patient,
As many get their reward after death.

Have you not heard of a saying,
And a glorious one too, I opine:
Lay up your treasures in heaven,
Where the glory is all thine;
Not too greatly should we be annoyed,

Over the differences of the time;
Go and let mother tell you,
How to reap the fruits of your grime.

You know, dad, we are all living in a nation,
Built on love and sacrifice,
And the men who did the building
Gave and gave, first service, and then life;
These people who make the trouble,
Are not the off-springs of the ancient's work;
They are tares sown by the enemy,
And at that time, gave not a chirp.

Take these differences between capital and labor:
Capital has been a coward throughout his day;
Capital is a parasite on the work of credit,
Who during a fight is hidden away.
When the sun begins to shine again,
After credit has won, and made peace,
Capital comes crawling out in his slime,
And yells: "Hurrah; we licked the beast."

But labor is no better;
In the time of sacrifice,
Labor will press for his advantage,
And no one dare withhold his price;
To himself he would turn traitor;
He is such enough fool to believe,
That by throwing the whole works down,
He the fruits of victory will receive.
After the fight if he gets through all right,
He turns to getting as much gain,
From any trumped-up simple excuse,
That would put an honest man to shame.

While the battle is raging,
The man who goes farthest behind,
After peace is made, leads all others,
In the race to see what salvage he can find;

The labor union is a mere excuse
To get away from duty well done,
And not get caught on pay-day,
With an empty envelope, and the paymaster gone.

There are fool masters who misuse their men,
But you cannot correct them in a fray;
As long as such fellows are going,
It means the servant is in no better way;
The price must be paid for the good things we have;
They cannot be had for a wink;
And the ones who would enjoy what others have earned,
Are the ones who would do well to stop and think.

The land shall be touched with a plow,
That shall dig to the roots of the race,
And all unworthy the succor now,
Shall be sealed with their doom on their face;
Talent will be dealt for honorable success,
And credit withal for their meed;
And none but the faithful shall know,
What mercy and justice need;
The worker who toils for service,
Forgetting himself in the fun,
Shall be rewarded with justice,
After that, there shall be honor done.

Let all of those who rush for the slaughter,
Perish by the hand they would slay;
The two shall perish in their sorrow,
In the dawning of a better day.

Those who would reach honored position,
Shall go there by their service to mankind;
As all men will be honest, true honor
Shall seek the mark it would find;
Every man a law to himself shall be,
In accord with the law of the land;
None shall there be to say any nay,
When more than is required is in every hand.

When forward we have marched in progress,
Until we touch hands with the blest,
We still grow, intensify, and possess,
Until at last we recover the past;
The future as such is the holder
Of a mortgage on past years,
And out of their misery retrieve,
Their friends with sacred tears;
So when honor secures her birthright,
And all things mend their ways,
The wearers of white robes are reconciled,
And added to with sinners' days.

Dad:
You may be right, I hope so,
And I will not start any war of my own,
But if these devils who are making it so hard,
Kill one another, I'll never groan.

XXIV

Dad:
Sis Canister got married again;
I thought after her first loss,
She would be satisfied on widow's fame,
But she's done caught another hoss;
I hope the poor girl makes it all right,
But I'll tell you boy, while I may be wrong,
The man who succeeds by such as she,
Is a man you can number with the strong.

She went to the County Fair last month,
Prancing around, like a girl of twelve;
It's my mind when they kick up that way,
They are not thinking about bettering themselves.
She and some more gals passed my booth,
Where I was showing my choice grain;
She yelled like some ragamuffin might:
"Old man's on the market again."
She grabbed an ear and shelled some off,

And threw it across next door,
Where a lady was showing some hens:
"I used to be a chicken, but I'm not any more".

She is pretty as a pink, and full of fight,
But she never shows any signs,
Of what we old folks call modesty;
I hope she is no worse for her shines.

You know boy, I always liked that gal,
In spite of her naughty ways;
She is good and straight, I'll swear she is,
But her jealous husband had awful days.

She was telling me about her life with him,
She said: I would always tease
And fret him so much, sometimes I got afraid
He would kill me, I was ill at ease;
One time we went to a picnic,
And he, in his jealous rage,
Hit a man in the face with the food,
Because he smiled at my capers in the sage;
And then one night he locked me out
Because I would not come in early;
I slept in the barn that night,
In a hole I dug in the barley.
About midnight I heard a chicken squall,
It scared me out of my wits;
Then a rat or something went hopping over me,
And I had another spasm of fits;
I stuck it out until the roosters crowed,
And then went to the kitchen to cook;
I served all smiling, and he got ashamed;
He couldn't give me an honest look.
It was a long time before I forgave him though;
I slept in my bed, he in his;
Till when he took sick, I had to give in;
He was only a child, and I had to forgive;
He went away and left me alone,

And I feel partly to blame,
For sending him forth to meet God,
Leaving me here with only his name.
I loved him though, very much,
But his temper was like a fire;
I imagine if an excuse I had given him,
He would have sent me away from here.

I am full of life, it's in my blood;
I run over like a brook,
That is too large for the ditch it has made for itself,
And over the bank it took;
I wanted a baby and he did not,
And that is where we disagreed;
If God gives me something, I want it,
But he otherwise decreed;
I hope he is in heaven, poor fellow,
So weak and jealous, high-strung;
Had the pride of a Lochinvar;
On such a character it was hung.

At times I reach the top of my freedom,
And might take an awful plunge,
But for the hold of a good mother;
I feel her hand when I want to lunge;
Tempering me with her silence,
Though dead these many years,
She still lives in my body,
And probably also in my tears;
The carnal fires of life cook me,
Like the heat of a hellish blaze,
And I rush at release with a fury,
But God has a million ways;
I'm thwarted at ends by designing,
Of another hand than my own;
I once allowed a course of seduction,
But a better way led me on;
So honesty has overshadowed me,

And led me outside of my will,
And I now hope shall continue
To protect me from all ill.

I have no cause for unhappiness,
Save from the urge within;
Like sitting on a volcano,
That would hurl me into sin;
Perhaps the years will assuage me,
And when I am attached by time,
I shall find a use for the power
That has kept me suspended on a line;
I hope it shall be good and glorious,
And answer the purpose of the One,
Who reached out with a strong arm and held me,
When I proposed to do myself wrong.

I have cut loose from the woman who helped me,
To frame the dishonor of my robe,
Who now is seeking other victims,
To carry the vulture's daub.
Since I have got to thinking,
Which is a thing the victim does not,
I see the ways of Satan better,
And how he manages to fill his pot:
The telephone girl in her service,
Communicates with all the birds of prey,
Though it is only to give a number,
The birds tell it so it sounds not that way;
A lingering hook on one word,
May be set to continue the pull,
Abetted by others in the same way,
Until a sail is full;
A conspiracy so wide as the devil,
Can plant in the heart of a man,
Will pull altogether for evil,
And widens out like a fan.

As the human race flows like a river,
Where the least small way has been made,
Evil uses this small beginning,
To anchor the soul in the shade;
While ease and good feeling will hover,
With a purpose more sinister than bold,
The little advantage is pressed homeward,
And the tentacles of sin take better hold;
Here it is hard for the unthinking,
Especially where duty is betrayed,
To assert their own mind for well-being,
Since well-being means leaving this trade;
The soul is enthralled for the body,
And nature unprotected gives way;
The last state is always more helpless;
Then evil suggests, and they obey.

How may the unthinking human
Be fettered where the light will shine;
Conducing to more mental action,
Until full use is had of the mind?

It's too big a question for one person,
And still too pressing to leave,
As men and women are passing,
Where Satan's dark works will deceive;
Unite every soul with a purpose,
To fulfil the mission of the Christ;
We will hold a perpetual meeting place
With Him to keep the tryst;
With every glance and expression,
With this desire to win,
We shall overcome the opposition,
And bring the wanderers in;
There is no other way to overcome
The forces of greed and lust,
Save to pursue with diligence,
The smallest and greatest trust.

She talked thus for hours,
And finally with a sigh,
She leaped over the banisters,
And waved herself good-by;
Such a girl! oh my heart!
She is like a storm in the well;
But human nature is just the same,
And we can never tell;
If some old weakness
Does not break out anew,
I'll bet that gal makes a saint yet,
With a heart as strong and true.

XXV

Dad:
Son, they tell me you were running around
With a woman a few days ago;
That you spent your time in the woods,
And everyone is talking about you so;
Who is it, and why were you
Away on such a lark?
Don't you know it is unsafe?
You might get shot in the dark.

Dad, that lady is just a woman,
Full of home and friends;
She is a social leader at home,
And has enough wealth for her ends;
She was away on a little rest,
Tired of the old surroundings;
I found her a wife of a friendly mien,
Beyond that I took no soundings;
We went to many places about,
And had all the fun of the hour;
I told her I would hate to be caught,
Without innocence to give me power.
She mentioned that people would probably talk,
And I told her my credit was immense,
As I stand well around here,

And could ward off every offense.
We really did nothing wrong;
Of course with my love of the female,
I teased her a bit, and hugged her once,
But never undertook anything that might fail;
I thought I was doing all this
That I might get close to her heart;
As you know, influence does not go,
Until emotions play their part.

After gaining the vantage of close kinship,
I sought to endear her more
To the principles of the square deal,
Such as her husband would adore;
She told me of him and his ways,
And explained that he was a good fellow,
At which I brought the strength of my face
To have her regret any sully.
While I fastened her shoe, and her stocking too,
I am sure she thinks no less of me,
By going away feeling less gay,
But sobered and trying to solve me;
I wish her well, God bless her still,
And hold her in His arms always,
As I am sure she will be in heaven some day,
And will be glad to know me and love me.

I will admit I have had a lot to say
To women in days gone by,
And it was not all solicitation—
I had many experiments to try;
In my sappy days I warmed often,
By the side of a feminine fire;
I could pick a sweet lady to sit by,
And the show would never tire;
That was not all experiment,
Though I wanted to learn the shock,
Of sitting close to a strange woman,
With character apparently like a rock.

I really love all women;
Probably an outgrowth of love for mother
To include all womankind,
To have a mother in every other;
Life however is too slippery I guess
For such close relations now,
And we shall have to continue as strangers
To get along somehow.
For the question I care not, it is the answer,
The good or ill of such work;
It may be like pruning a grapevine;
More probably like enfranchising a Turk.

The way of right living is lonesome;
It is somewhat like mountain peaks,
So few there are, it's cold up here,
And one rarely such company seeks.

Men of acrimonious spirit
Develop where lust is rife;
If such a man gave more energy to service,
He would waste less on his wife;
The wife would have more thought of him,
To fill his life full of sweets,
And the sting of much agitation
Would be supplanted, and fewer cheats.

The test of true love is to help those,
We love and cannot enjoy;
What it cannot possess,
That, false love seeks to destroy;
Destroy it through lust and greed,
And little things that annoy,
All these things lead to disorder,
And rob life of its joy.
I seek to make life worth while
To the army of employees I lead;
If I fail in anything today I hope to know.
And tomorrow we shall succeed.

Dad:
You are not the kind of boy
That commits a lot of mischief;
It is not the single sin that hurts,
But planted, it produces thousands of itself.

In the world of spirit, dad,
An act weighs according to the intent;
We may a very slight expression give,
The thought of the evil we might invent.

XXVI

Helen:
Oh, why do I have to wait so long,
The blessings of faith, hope and love;
They are wonderful virtues now,
And no doubt came to me from above;
I used to think of them
As one thing altogether,
Like wearing the same clothes,
In all kinds of weather;
Now I wear a mind of faith,
And want to wear it all the time,
But as winter overshadows my heart,
As my faith gives out, I put hope on;
Hope has weathered many a storm,
And is good for many more,
But as the blizzard of doubt bears down,
My soul gets discontented and sore;
It is then that love alone will do,
And arrayed in my warmest suit,
I dispel all fear and move on,
And spring brings a new recruit.

Here's Julia, the maid, How are you?
Sit down and let's have a chat;
What do you think of the men, Julia,
Do you receive them in your flat?

Julia:
The men? Oh, Lord, let's talk about the devil,
Then we know what to expect;
There are all kinds of men, mostly bad,
And liars! poor womankind is wrecked!
Last night a poor creature knocked at my door;
She was hungry, and wanted clothes and food;
I gave her an old cast-off coat;
She was in an awful mood.

I asked her why she did not go to work;
That started her on a tantrum right;
She said I used to work till these devilish men
Took me out so much at night;
I can't get nothing to do now;
Besides I'm not a mind to it;
With my sickness and the hellish bosses,
I made up my mind not to do it;
I got a bad start, but I'm not to blame;
The first promised to marryin';
After that I never stopped to explain;
From night to night I'd carry on;
You know, us fool women can't keep money;
Spend everything we get;
My clothes got ragged, can't keep clean;
I hate every man I ever met.

Some of those that work in the kitchen,
Will probably remain no more true;
Those scalawags that come to see them,
Are always telling them what they ought to do;
When one of them stays to hear such fool pleading,
I know she is yielding then,
Because if they are not the carnal fires feeding,
They leave when improprieties begin.

You know Miss Helen, I ain't no time
To help them with their trifles;

I have all the trouble I can stand,
With the buzzards in the rooms, and their sniffles.

Julia, you are a little too hard,
The men are not all fallen angels;
But woman must look to find her soul,
And it will keep her out of danger.
When our spirit leads us on,
We have nothing to fear from men, or devils either;
But of course it is unfair to us to require so much,
While they for faith or virtue pretend neither;
It is a terrible load to have to bear,
For the women to maintain double integrity,
But if we succeed we shall be rewarded;
To our probity will be added nobility.

Should you marry one, Julia,
And find after the honeymoon,
The man is hardened in sin,
And a high-tempered jealous poltroon;
Demanding you obey him,
And probably poorly provide,
And when you undertake a helping hand,
Every detail he shall decide;
He wants to know how you get all your money,
For fear his terrible honor be touched;
And if everything goes not as he likes,
Your name is probably besmirched;
I say, what will you do about it,
After you are married to him?
You probably have a baby,
And your health is not in good trim;
You might leave and take your child;
Sometimes such men kill;
But that would not be so bad
As drop by drop your life to spill;
If you stay you will probably be beaten;
Or maybe you'll suffer in fear;
It takes the soul of an angel or dragon,

To get through without shedding a tear;
You must fit yourself in virtue,
And ever be on the watch;
Else some cheap bird will get you,
With their lies, and the persuasion they hatch.

The trouble is not in their heartlessness;
They really believe in their quest;
It is in their cheap breeding;
No character, no anything, but zest.
Of course a woman of quality,
Who puts her soul on the rack,
Can control such a man and get a living,
But it is a big load on her back;
She must figure ahead for his coming,
Ever ready to counter with excuse;
And when he would determine her ways,
Might as well submit; argument is no use.

For me, life is not worth living,
With a man who does not yield,
In everything my rights are in question;
I will not have a divided field;
I'll pray, I'll work, I'll contrive,
To bring happiness in,
But righteous husbandly devotion,
I shall not allow to drift into sin.

Miss Helen, I'll tell you what I'll do,
If I get caught by such a brute;
I'll leave him and work for myself,
And if he follows me, I'll shoot;
I'm not an affecting lady;
I want mine and I'll get it too;
I don't take nothing from nobody,
And I'll be on hand when anything's to do;
In calm moments if I hear some one
Talk about the pleasures of the good,
I'm for it till I have to suffer,

But when the fire begins to burn, I'm made of wood;
I'll tell all these hardened sinners,
Who come a wanting my hand,
If they treat me right, I'll stick tight,
But that's as far as I go, and as long as I stand.

XXVII

Helen:
I'll go to the park next Sunday,
And sit to the end of the day;
And while I sit there waiting,
I'll wish, and long, and pray;
And while this tryst I'm keeping,
I shall with faith believe,
That the man I want, and love,
I shall soon receive.

Will:
George, I am going to the city;
I have fought with all my might,
A thing, or premonition, or other,
That lingers just in my sight;
At night when I should be sleeping,
My rest is pushed away,
By this something that haunts me,
Forever clamoring for its say;
I shall go to a place in the park,
Where a woman I chanced to surprise,
And while I was to her a stranger,
I gave an order of a pretty good size;
To be plain with you, I kissed her,
And she slapped me back into my wits;
Since then I have been stubborn,
And while I stand, my judgment sits;
Whether from this one planting,
All this unrest grows in my sentimentality,
Or whether it be some distant force,
That plays on my personality?
That is the question I am to settle;

If the heart of a woman is wronged,
I propose to make restitution,
And remove the thoughts my mind has been thronged.

This is the city, and here is the park;
I shall soon reach the place;
As the time is early, I will slowly walk,
And arrive at the time when she slapped my face.
A lady is sitting on the same bench,
Where mine sat three years since;
The same one, only more beautiful;
She sees me; She starts! See her wince!

O yes, my dear, you know me,
The same that you hated long ago;
I am coming to make apology, for the act,
As well as the years that had to go;
Your outstretched arms and smile
Tell me no apology need be made;
And your blushes so red to your hair are saying
Your love is like mine; no confessions need be said;
The happiness this moment has brought me,
Has cost me many a sigh,
But I should be willing to pay a million more,
To keep it, and the cause of it nigh.

Helen:
I have waited so long for you,
But my heart told me you would come;
I am so glad I have waited these years,
And would wait till life is done.

The day you surprised me so long ago,
I went away in anger, you hurt my pride so;
The stab you gave me then,
Was the fatal wound for pride,
And as soon as its pain had ceased,
The eyes of love opened wide;
It was then I knew the lips that pressed

That daring kiss on mine,
Were not the lips of a coward,
But of courage and character fine.

Scarce an hour had passed,
Before I returned to see if you were here,
But pride was still a kicking,
So I went away in fear;
Night brought my bereavement home,
And with a heart bowed down,
I took stock of all my virtues;
Cutting off the past, I chose the future for my own;
Weighing my soul for its worth,
I pledged it, every ounce,
To secure for myself the man,
Who on a defenseless woman would pounce;
I weighed your appearance and aspect,
And could not find a trace of sin;
And when I remembered how downcast you were,
I knew my heart had taken you in.

Had you thought I know not your name,
Or from whence you come to me?
My name is Helen Gounode;
My father owns yon factory.

Will:
You need not speak further;
Your father I know a true man;
My name is Will Charlmain;
Of all men who might present me, your father can;
The orders I have filled for him are many,
And some has he filled of mine;
And I am sure when he knows my will,
It will be the same as thine;

Cupid is a mighty hunter,
To bind us as he does,

With nothing to bind us with,
Except his own strength in love.

Let us prepare the wedding,
As your own heart should design;
And all things shall be as you wish,
Because all to thee I assign.

Not so, my lord, you are hasty;
I accept naught but my own;
Father shall announce the nuptials,
But you shall preside on the throne.

Now let's slip away to some little nook,
Where nothing will annoy,
And compare our love and feelings,
And fill our lives with joy;
After dates and places,
And such are put aside;
I'll say I want no diamond;
A plain gold band for your bride;
I should like to love and be loved,
The chief thing for our home;
And lest we both be found incompetent,
Let us invite our God to come;
We'll put our hearts together,
And lock them up in Him;
There'll be no separations,
As He'll never part with them;
Then we will plan our life's work,
Taking it day by day;
I'll choose the home for my field,
And you get everything that's away;
I'll arrange the comforts of the house
By your helping hand;
If you'll let me help you outside,
With any advice I can;
You may have your own room,
And I'll have mine,

Where each can be free;
You may sleep in your own bed,
Unless you would rather sleep with me.

Life is long and we should go slow,
At least that is my hope;
Else we start off so fast, we cannot last,
And I fear in the dark might grope;
I am sure you are amenable to my love,
Since mine is amenable to thee;
And we shall be happy as two turtle doves,
And every whit as free.

I am sure you have, and will lead a good life,
Otherwise it could not have been,
My love could reach out and pull you in,
Except that you were glad for me to win.

Upon thee now I confer lordship,
Of all my heart and love;
And be united with thee forever,
In holy ties from above;
Since God is the light of our being,
Let's bow to His loving hand,
And if He desires fruits from our bed,
We'll submit as we understand;
I know that from us He may have
Anything He may desire;
Since we shall willingly await His wish,
Before we apply the fire;
We may love and kiss and caress;
We may move slowly, or with haste,
But since God has been enthroned o'er us both,
He alone shall unite us below the waist.
Our children shall be as the morning light,
Fresh from the breast of the Maker;
So when we have joy in things divine,
We'll include the gifts of the Creator.

Let us bow our heads as we ask His blessing,
Upon our hearts united fresh,
That we never shall have cause to repent,
This union of our flesh.

Will:
I have heard every word, my lady love,
And I consecrate it all with a vow,
That when God and you agree,
I shall humbly and gladly bow.
I owe our Creator a mighty debt;
Perhaps I shall never be able to pay;
But always I will succor His lamp of love,
In the hope He accept it that way.
Our lives shall be dedicated to truth;
No lie shall pass between;
Either written, spoken, or implied;
Let not the hand of fraud be seen;
The tithes that in our blood is paid,
Our hearts have bought for their account;
And righteousness shall ride without a fall,
When it has truth for a mount.

If envy, or jealousy, or Satan's thong,
Shall ever in our lives be thrust,
Let us with our spiritual fires burn off,
Their obstacles with our trust;
By such faith and saving of our souls,
The time may speedily come,
Our babes will possess the spiritual life,
Arrive walking and talking some.
We are now poor because we have not,
The life of the infinite kind;
Which we may have if we stoop to the grave,
For babes to come with a mind.

Those who love Him may prevail here,
Without their own born babes,
As the love of God bridges the gap

Between men through their good deeds.

The whims and fads of whimsical folks
Are not strong when they bud,
But in after years when they see their faults,
Their fads have rebelled and stood;
Therefore plant the integrity of the Christ,
When the heart begins to yearn,
And in after years when it is needed,
It will not of experience learn.
By no suggestion, or smile,
Let us a friend or enemy mislead,
As in after years the friend may be foe,
And the enemy vengeance need.

In the heart of those we love and serve,
We bloom and bear as a vine;
It is better to put our treasure there,
Than purchase some mill or mine.

As on the energy of the sun all material things
Do live and have their being;
So on God's love all souls depend
For hope and spiritual seeing.

I have seen the edge of the infinite will
Sinuate through human endeavor,
And convinced I am it is His desire,
From all ignorance we should sever.

The Genii is abroad in the hearts of men;
And respects not any nation;
But those who open and bid Him enter in,
He completes their exaltation.

I am not the captain of my soul,
Neither was Christ, our Lord;
I speak the things I hear and read
From His holy word.

Nations as well as inviduals come and go
But truth abideth ever;
Any soul that knits it into itself,
Shall live, and die never.

XXVIII

Will:
Scoggins, what is wrong in the mill,
I understand they have called a strike?
What do they want now, more money?
Or something else they don't like?

Mr. Will, they want a twenty per cent raise,
And quit at noon on Saturday;
And while they want to work only five and half days,
They expect six days of pay.

Just tell them Scoggins, I've considered,
And this is the thing that I'll do:
They are getting more money now,
Than the consumers we are selling to;
I want to be fair to every one,
But I'm here to fight for the unorganized mass,
And I'll make no contract detrimental,
To those to whom the expense I pass.

So many of the unions today
Are looking out only for themselves;
They think not of justice being done;
Just so they get theirs, no matter who it compels;
The nation seems to care only for the strong;
The states are not otherwise;
The odds and ends that make up the bulk,
Are the unrepresented who pay for the enterprise;
I do not propose to pass the load,
Unless it is fair thus to proceed;
Let those fellows show what they are made of,
And whether they are full of zeal, or greed.

I propose to sell them the plant
At the bed-rock invoice price;
And let them run it as they will,
And learn how to accomplish;
Of course, I will take their notes,
But they will have insurance to pay;
And the interest at six per cent,
Aggregate whatever it may;
Depreciation is going on,
And ten per cent of wages should be withheld,
So the notes will be paid when due,
Lest to foreclose I am compelled.

Rejecting this, if sixty per cent continue,
At the present salary and wages,
Let them work and protect them well,
If they have to wear officer's badges.

It seems today men are so dishonest,
They think they own a job;
If some union leader tells them to strike,
No man can take their place, "Their wives and children to rob."
If one man strikes, and another comes in,
His pay and place to take,
He is in no wise a lesser man,
Who thus would provender make.

Let them know, Scoggins, and come again;
If they all strike, close the mill down;
I cannot run the place without help,
And I cannot run it with such help as I have found.

I hope the world will forgive me,
If I'm too hard on those poor fellows;
They are like a lot of cattle,
They follow any bull that bellows;
A man should know who works for me,
He cannot be loyal to but one boss;

I pay him for his work,
Still he pays a union my plans to cross;
If I were not generous with them,
Showing them every detail,
There might be some excuse for this;
I strive to win them, still I fail;
Such people are so used to being duped,
They insist on it all the time;
Here I am teaching them, leading them,
And they turn to a union leader, and me decline;
It seems to be human nature
To follow the laws of affinity;
My honest efforts to them look crooked,
And that crook to them looks benignity;
When men rush after delusion,
And fall by leaders who deceive,
There is an affinity which draws them on,
Between them and the ones they believe.

"Father, I pray Thee, throughout this day;
Help me to do Thy will;
Let nothing whatever engage my time,
Unless it be Thy will to fulfill;
Let me be found serving only Thee,
In every small proceeding;
And following it more devoted,
Help me to continue each day succeeding."

I'll do anything reasonable to win them back,
Always willing to forgive,
But if they can live without the truth,
Without them I can live.
An enemy hath done this, some enemy of the right,
And a common enemy of all mankind;
When people are following false leaders,
They are enemies of themselves,
As well as humanity they will find.

We cannot enjoy more than we earn,
Even though the system is complex;
And the humblest laborer in this plant,
Is invited to review the whole text;
So every employer should strive,
With statements and figures true,
To show where the money is coming from,
And to whom it is going to.
The ignorant cannot understand it,
But they are baffled and confused,
When false leaders come along,
If they follow them, they are not excused.

Let every man have an opportunity to serve;
There is plenty of work to be done;
And prorate the service with equity,
To all who carry the work on.
I have taught them to save everything,
Of time, opportunity, and material;
There is nothing containing energy,
Which cannot be used to benefit the weal;
The odds and ends and scraps,
Can be turned to something of value;
So every man is taught to store his time;
As well as a part of his salary;
Each man during spare moments,
Should be learning some other job,
So when a man ahead drops out,
The machine moves on without stop.
Waste materials of no service to me,
Is placed to most suitable vantage,
For those who can use them,
Thus avoiding a little sabotage.

No use of tobacco is permitted at work,
On account of danger of fire;
And spitting adds filth to the place;
We do not employ those who the habit acquire;
The vices of men are so many,

Some men are vices a mass;
And each little vice is a law to him,
Making rules where he cannot pass;
The poor fellow is so encumbered,
With laws of his own design,
That if you employ one of them,
He has no place for your rules in his mind.
They get the habit of tobacco,
And then acquire that of drink,
And taken with other nuisances,
They cause the place to stink;
So let the men with vices
Remain outside the gate;
If we cannot find men who stick to honor,
We will do what we can, and wait.

It is a long hard fight to move masses,
To the ways of action and thought;
But once they see the goal,
They'll move when their souls they have bought.
The meddling leaders, damned by justice,
Who oppose the thought of right,
Are then men I aim for a target;
They can be overcome only through might;
They cannot well fight against truth,
Since truth they cannot use,
So they fall into their usual course,
Of calumny and abuse.

If a common man had a mind
To reason and understand,
He could see through the methods of such,
And get from under their hand;
The trouble is the common man is a little crooked,
And wants what he does not earn,
So any glib tongue with a few promises,
Can sway him to most any turn;
After he is soaked with suspicion,

He believes nothing from the source of truth;
His reason ceases to function,
And he is lost to himself forsooth.

Will:
Hello, Helen, how are you?
When did you come in?
You look like a breath of sweetness,
With that nonchalant grin.

I came in this morning from papa;
I've been out there for awhile,
Hearing you fret about little things,
That should provoke only a smile.

Now open up a little and let me sit down,
And I'll give you a hug and a kiss,
And tell you a few ways to overcome
Such difficulties as this.
Don't resist evil with evil,
But overcome evil with good;
Add truth where truth is lacking,
With love enough to make it understood;
These little strikes and fusses,
All go in the care of the day,
So every night forget it all,
Tomorrow will show a better way;
These folks are only children,
Today they are deceived and misled;
But they will learn those mockers
Cannot give them their butter and bread;
Just wait with patience, hold steady;
They will all come back in a bunch;
When they do let us be ready
To give them new life with a punch.
Men, you know, must strike sometimes,
As all bosses are not so honest and true;
And take advantage of their helplessness,
To withhold from them their due.

Helen, dear, life is pleasant now;
Let's forget about all these worries,
And dream of things as they ought to be,
Without their annoying hurries.
It seems to me there should be a perfect relation
Between the affairs of the mind,
And these lower elements of matter,
Over which there is such a struggle by mankind;
I suspect there is a storm in the spirit world,
That agitates life here below,
And when the victory there is won,
The struggle from here will go;
Energy has so many ways moving from the sun
Through the affairs of men,
It is not easy for us to know,
The way, the beginning, or the end;
There is the electro-magnetic, light;
The minerals, vegetables, and the animals;
Upon these the kingdoms above are built,
Including soul, mind and their annals;
Energy contributes to atoms,
Through a complicated form of balancing;
And atoms contribute to molecules,
Between all of which electrons are prancing;
These molecules grow more complex,
Until at last they unite to form cells;
Each little cell a universe by itself,
And the history of the creation tells.
When this state of the creation is reached,
With all attractions and counter-attractions weighed,
It starts in again to recapitulate,
Until multiplied cells an individual has made.

In the human this individual divides
Into the male and female form,
Each balanced and weighed against the other,
To enable it to weather every storm.

This force branches out from a center somewhere;
One might as well call it God;
And has no conflict until we get to the place,
Where human reason has trod;
The man comes in with his whims and plans,
Made free as the infinite word,
And starts a war we might say, with his neighbor in a way,
Living on the extreme circumference of God.
Now the cause of this war we may not see,
Thinking it is this, or that;
But really the cause may not be here,
But in the spirit world where we are at.

At any rate, out of this war,
Peace eventually will emerge;
Then growth and life, guided by truth,
Forward again into new spheres we'll surge.
So God is at the heart, as here at the rim,
It is He, Himself, that is moving on;
Only we are the cells in His infinite life,
If we are serving and eschewing wrong;
Now why should such storms rage in the hearts of men,
When there is room enough for all?
It is this: They would rather sit down here and die,
Than with life to keep moving on;
We must live and grow, or stop and die,
We cannot do both you see;
So men dissipate and run themselves down,
Then die and cease to be;
That is, they cease in the order of man,
But the energy, life, material and all,
Continue the course, as ever before,
Disassociated from that man's fall;
Now if all human kind would seek to serve,
There would be work enough to go around;
And the parasites would fall by weight of their load,
As no one to carry it could be found.

Let no man serve in anything,
Save where the use he sees;
And let his service be at that place
He can relieve the greatest disease.
If things get moving in this way,
And all seek to do no wrong,
We shall be sailing an untroubled sea,
And the time will not be long;
Peace will settle down like quiet over the waves,
When the wind ceases to blow,
And every man's effort can all be spent
In service; not maintaing his ego;
In this way men soon quit walking around,
And gradually all get on wheels;
The time goes and perfection grows,
Till they all know how flying feels.
Each step of this progress becomes more profound,
As we leave the center of the wheel;
The circumference grows and we cover more ground,
And we multiply actions and deals.

As action increases and thought increases,
Many men will cease much to move;
As time goes on love grows more strong,
New species are developed above;
They have the speed of light, and move by sight,
And cover in the glance of an eye,
More space in a second than some in a year,
Yet see everything as they go by;
But whether they be as those who all see,
And never move from the spot,
(As those who move never love,
They are all of the Infinite begot);
God is a fact of infinite act,
With attributes manifold and true,
Such as time and space, motion,
Agree in all that He do;
When He creates an entity in time,
With little space to consume,

He has such a thing as an ant or a man,
That no great motion presume;
When he creates a spirit for light,
That has little with time to reckon,
In space he is long, in time scant,
He is there whenever you beckon;
Now combining the two in one,
We shall have such a being as we shall be;
While he lives in one place long,
He is permitted wide space to see;
So the faculty of hearing or feeling may be,
To reach as far and wide as the other;
Then we may hear and feel as far as we will,
Without the moving to bother.

Such is our Creator, who is developing His plans,
For growth and fulfilling onward;
And since there is no end, it did not begin,
We have but only to move forward;
Now that light makes no end to sight,
And things as before, increase in inverse ratios,
The chief duty here is watch and revere,
And complete our work before each day goes.

Helen:

Dear, you have made it so plain, I cannot see a thing,
And now if you have finished your lecture,
I'll go read a book, and see if the cook,
Is supplied, lest something should vex her.

XXX

Secretary:
Tell me, Mr. Will, the secret of success;
I mean to acquire material things around;
How to get possession of all one needs,
And of legal violations not be found?

Well, George, you can see there are only a few rules
To govern the proceedings of life;
The first thing is speak the truth, and to yourself be true,
And then choose a good wife.

All material things worth while
Are valued by the labor it took,
To put them in shape to serve,
And maintenance of the outlook;
A house is to be valued in hours,
Of the men who built it there,
Together with the hours of labor
To make and bring material from everywhere;
The value of the ground of course
Is a thing a little aside,
As men value location for
The opportunities over it preside;
One lot is valued highly
By the time of the passerby,
While another is more valued
For the money, or other riches, it is nigh;
Money is only the proxy of labor,
As the law sets the value of gold,
By the time it takes men
To get it out of a hole;
If tomorrow they struck gold,
So a man could get out a ton a day,
The value of gold comes down,
And law-makers are in a bad way;
So things are valuable
For the time it takes men to produce;
And gamblers and crooks who produce not,
Are needless, and a living excuse.

So the secrt of material success,
Is value all men's time right;
And save from your own exertions.
Something from each day's might;
When thus you have accumulated,

Put it to service for profit,
As your labor in producing wealth,
Is worth something to those who live off it;
As this little stream goes,
Accumulating as it moves on,
So material wealth grows,
And becomes a river before it is done;
Industry floats on the surface of it,
And its power moves wheels,
So that it blesses all whom it serves,
And drowns the man who steals.
Men who live in this river,
Like fish in the sea,
Are used to the environment,
And that is their place to be;
Thieves would live in it at times,
To find their souls cannot breathe;
The thought of wealth stifles their mind,
And they are found not fish, but thieves.
Wealth is a simple thing;
It represents the sweat and toil of man;
Either producing the wealth himself,
Or producing the machinery, which can.

XXXI

Will:
The years fly fast with a man
Serving his fellows while he can;
More than fifty summers have passed,
And still I am young and fast.

There comes Will, Jr., from college decreed,
A master of some kind of art;
I don't care so much for the degree,
But that he honestly do his part.

Well, young fellow, you are starting now,
A race to show your worth;
Of course I am proud of you, my son,

And the mother who gave you birth;
But life means much more, boy,
Than the love of your parents and friends;
We show that we are worth while,
For our own account match the ends;
I cannot tell you a thing to help you,
Except what I have taught you long;
It is up to you alone to make good,
And make battle with the strong;
It will not be well to over-rate your strength,
And tackle the toughest fight,
But gain by experience from making way,
A day at a time, at length.

Temperance is a wonderful word,
But it should not be misapplied;
The temperate man may need urging on,
Lest a stalemate gets him tied;
We may be intemperate in the use of words,
Or deeds, or nature's gifts;
The misuse of anything is not intemperance,
But a crossing of nature's shifts;
Some men drink and chew,
What to them is repulsive at first;
But continuing the malpractice,
Perversion establishes false thirst;
It takes pitch and time in melody,
But before these we must have the sound;
So in tempering ourselves to life,
Let prudence, and not license, set the bound.

Dad, I don't care about those things;
Toward naughty girls and vices and wine,
For stealing and gambling and such,
Or intemperance I do not incline;
Where I need a hand and lift,
How to think in my mind;
I should like to go like the wind,
Over fields of brier, and obstacles of every kind;

I get stuck in the mud, like the turtle;
For some cause I cannot feel myself going anywhere;
What I would like is to find a way
To solve these problems beyond my care.

Will:
People think like the animals move;
Some of them drag around like the snail,
They move slowly in small space,
If they meet any difficulty, they fail;
Others think about fast enough,
But like the hare, they know not where, or how to go;
They spend their lives pretty close to home,
Though their speed is by no means slow;
The fox type of mind is searching,
With a good deal of speed and care,
But his need holds his search for food,
So he never goes very far;
The serpent type of mind avoids the view,
Of any who might be in sight,
He knows every one is his enemy,
But would not be if he stopped his bite;
The bird type of mind, as the eagle,
Sees a great deal of the world;
But his work never amounts to anything,
Because his flag is never furled;
He is moving all the time and makes enemies,
Which if he settled down to work he would not do,
As he would then make friends instead,
Treating others as ye would they treat you.

Mind, you see from this has a motive,
And the motive is the force which bears it on;
So if the force is centered in yourself,
You will not from yourself long be gone;
Some men's force centers in a tragedy,
As the breaking of a home or a nation;
Then they only go far enough to justify
Themselves in their assumed position;

Some men have their center in a mill,
A store, an office, or factory;
The distance of their thoughts never go,
Beyond the necessity to be.

So you see in the secrets of right thinking,
Is laid the force that bears you on;
If you expect to describe a small circle,
The fibre of your mind need not be long;
But if you would think with the universe,
Arise high enough to catch the stream;
The power that holds all things in subjection,
And bears down all things that are not what they seem.

Thus the force of the universe provides all things common,
As air, water, land, all have been,
But men began staking off some measure,
And refuse all others right therein;
When maintained, the universal becomes that of men,
As far as they are able to circle about,
But beyond the reach of man's circle,
The universal law is holding out.
When man has fully conquered present places,
He will build on that and venture higher,
As man's ambition knows no limit,
Between absolute cold and infinite fire.

Will, Jr.:

While I am graduate of medicine and law,
The practice of either I shall not hold fast,
But commencing in the factory at the bottom,
I wish to master human nature to the last;
I shall seek to supervise and befriend,
Every man who needs my aid,
And when I am become to your estate,
I shall have help of the friends I have made.
Beginning thus, and looking always onward,

I expect a great work to do;
In this I am getting your experience,
As my foundation, and building on you.

XXXII

Helen:
Your father and I, dear children,
Wish you to know life from the beginning,
That your crop of happiness may be full,
And that you may avoid the ways of sinning;
So bow your ears, my sweets,
To what your mother wishes;
As life is full of mischance,
Never lean on mere promises.

This young man at the grocery,
Is a liar, with subtle mien;
So let no covered conversation,
With such a one ever be seen.
It is more difficult for women now,
Than in the days when they did much toil,
As they have a bounty of energy,
With time and opportunity, and a temper to foil;
It bchooves us to think circumspectly;
To act it only will not do,
As the thought precedes the action,
As the thought leans, so later action will do;
Our thoughts are like to tops of trees,
Which bear leaves in the spring,
We feel not their weight in the calm,
But they pull mightily with the wind;
So our calm desire and reflection,
We feel not their strength in seclusion,
But when the winds of passion are blowing,
It is with great effort we avoid confusion.

Know well that you are a queen,
Wearing garlands of virtue and truth,
And from all men expect recognition,

But let them tempt not your youth;
There is a force of attraction between sexes,
That cultured, adds quality to your good,
But perversion will make it a fiend,
Of fretful, unsatisfied, and sensual mood;
It thus serves parents a good turn,
To lead their fondling along in peace,
Instilling the gospel of service,
Which in later years will never cease.

Your lives should revolve around your aim,
The center of which is to do right;
That aim and your God is the same;
Your aim becomes the arbiter of your sight;
Thus a new object you have in view;
You look for a track to your life,
To open and let it come to you;
If a man, aim to be a good wife.
Or perhaps your wifely portion is filled,
Or you desire it not so,
Then let aim serve some good will,
And on that strive to bestow.
When through time and action of the days,
To full womanhood you are brought,
To the calm and evenness of your ways,
More bearing may be added by thought.
Though now you be fair and good,
By nature you will also be strong,
And such strength that may find work,
In overthrowing the forces of wrong.
Not with mighty strokes and dashes,
But with cool and sane deliberation,
Determine for what you are for,
Thus avoiding evil men's desperation;
Too often we let our strength
To be spent only to oppose,
Which is Satan's way of canceling good
With evil things every one knows.
We may oppose evil with calm mention,

But not with spleen and might,
As violent effort agitates wrong,
Conveying energy to wrong from the right;
It is better to let wrong settle down,
By neglect if it be negative;
But to militant unrighteous force,
Man needs to apply a regulative.
Thus evil is overcome by good,
And wrong is allowed to grow stale;
Lacking action it lacks life,
And its votaries soon will fail.
All evil may thus be combated,
And when they are quiet once,
Begin drawing away their forces,
With suitable means of deliverance.

Such is woman's work and wisdom,
But for a leader a man we need,
Since life's fight is masculine,
And as leader requires a steed.

That brings up the question
Of our relation to the men,
Which cannot be but honest;
More than that is sin.

Honesty needs no cover;
Indeed, the language should be without a word,
That cannot be written and published,
In winning the victory in the battle of the Lord.
Through all this conflict
We must need ask none to forgive,
But forgiveness should be with you,
To extend to all the spirit bids to live;
When it is necessary to apologize,
Or beg forgiveness one time,
Our days of glory are ended,
And we must cease for the heights to climb;
The world is exacting of leaders,

And the point must be without blame,
For once the point is blunted,
It is never again the same;
It is then that falsehood steps in,
And strives to maintain place,
By putting imitation glory,
Like paint upon the face;
No lie is permitted in heaven,
And all who would thus get by,
Will find the keeper waiting
With a fierce stare in his eye;
Since truth is the main thing in life,
We must fortify ourselves,
For conquest and victory,
With that which falsehood dispels;
But if you fall, don't canker,
There is forgiveness in the grave;
And many years of service,
With credit and honor is left to the brave.
It takes a brave woman to face calumny,
Especially when truth testifies,
And any woman who can say: yes I did,
Is better than a dozen who lie.

After all, Heaven and Hell stand guard,
Over the gates to the eternal,
And most of humanity finds
Its way to the infernal;
But the fight is worth while, if we win,
Which we will not unless we try,
Therefore gird your armour on,
And make strong resolution to win, or die.

Will Charlmain died today,
At the age of one hundred and ninety-eight;
He always said a man would never die,
If he kept all the rules of fate;
That may be true, it is up to you,
Your cells of life to renew,
By service good, and sin avoid,
As every one ought to do.

CONCORD TRIUMPHANT.

CHAPTER 1

There is a great commotion in the world of thought;
Something like a fire has broken out;
A mighty superstition has gone wrong;
A thing which down through the ages brought
As a fact, the truth has been learned about;
All minds built falsely will feel the blaze ere long.

From mine and forest, mill and field,
All manner of material things are gathered,
To the service and use of all mankind;
But justice has not been the shield,
Of those who ruled, and thoughts of distribution fathered,
When they arranged the service in their mind.

CHAPTER 2

I was sitting in the garden,
With little Virginia playing by me;
As she dug she found a piece of toy,
Like to which we no more see;
She asked me why little girls do not play
With these any more as they did;
We both fell asleep in the hammock,
But of the subject I was not rid.
I heard a great commotion
Come rushing over the trees;
A chariot drawn by four great steeds,
Was passing on the breeze;
A little maid of about seven,
Leaned out and beckoned me to ride;
Apparently she had come from heaven,
And I got in by her side.

In a jiffy we were in a city,
In front of a blacksmith shop,
Where Avary Montis is using a sledge,
And sons, Simp and Absul, let the iron drop.
The hot end caught Avary in the stomach,
And took down his pants as it went,
Burning a strip of shoe off,
And on his knee he makes Absul repent.

These Montises are a bunch of rubbish,
That live like the stock in the barn;
They eat and sleep, and seldom wash,
Either person; or clothes, till they are fully worn;
Virginia says, (as she seems to be the maid,)
These people are simple workers, not so bad;
But of course they will be sometime,
Unless deliverance from their ignorance is had.
Avary is forty; stock and strong;
He thinks water was made to cool hot iron;
While Cary, his wife, is different,
She thinks it is to put in the beans before they burn.
Simp, seventeen, and Absul, fifteen,
Are neither sure what it is for,
But Absul uses it sometimes,
As he dreams of fine clothes and a car.
With black hair and eyes, of a slender build,
He will grow up to be the raven,
Among gentle birds of song and service,
To bar their way to heaven;
He has a liking for art,
And tries at school to learn it;
He will paint, and work, and do his best,
Consider he has failed, and burn it.
He rushes to mama to console,
As he still feels where papa made him burn;
She has supper ready and urges him
To get dad and Simp and return.
They all sat down with their dirty hands,
Except Absul, who is washed and combed,

But Simp rubs his dirt on him,
And mussed his hair, while he moaned;
Down on the floor and out in the yard,
They wrestle until Absul is done;
Back to the table to eat they go,
Laughing and jolly, all the dirt still on.

CHAPTER 3

We pass a farm house at milking time,
Ruth Klammer, twelve, at her work;
She is engaged in milking, and she hates it,
She would like this job to shirk;
Her beautiful golden locks,
Blowing in the wind,
And her fair blue eyes,
Match well her delicate skin;
That old calf is bigger than she,
And is hard to move about;
He wants to stay and drink all the milk,
While Ruth whips him and runs him out.

Ruth has a friend in David Humbert;
David is light and fair too;
She does not like fair people though,
And is not sure that David will do;
My little nymph later leads me in,
To show me their home and ways;
Here are father and mother sleeping on one bed;
This room is where Ruth stays;
Here she lies on her little bed,
The weather is warm and she is out;
Hair flowing free, breast beginning to swell,
And arms and legs lying about;
Lying there she looks like a fairy,
Entirely too good to be true;
With her ambition striving for its way,
We shall see what she can do;
Two each, younger brothers and sisters Ruth has,

But they are mostly trouble to her,
As when she tries to study her singing,
They are playing around full of cheer.

CHAPTER 4

David is sixteen and might be useful,
If his father could keep him busy at home,
But David's mind lives at Ruth's house,
Where he is ever planning to come;
He helps her with her milking and the chickens,
He handles that calf like a lamb,
When it is time to take him away,
He leads him to the gate and gives him a ram;
When the chores are finished he tires her,
As he wants to stay and hang over the gate;
Of course she does not like to be discourteous,
So she on the other side will wait;
He holds her in such awe that he fears much speaking,
Lest he say something she thinks wrong,
So he stands and waits with a silly grin,
Some word from her to ring his heart like a gong;
He is not much in learning yet,
But he knows to win her he must wait,
As she has some other place for her heart,
Just as she wishes to be elsewhere but the gate;
Ruth is building in her heart for a career;
With her voice she hopes to win applause,
And she tries in her mind to think things dear,
Which lend their help in her voice's cause.

CHAPTER 5

Simp and Absul have opened a cafe,
And they are jealous already over the duties;
Absul wants Simp to do all the cooking,
While he collects the money and watches the beauties;
For cooking Absul has a detestation,
Equal only to his loathe of fire,
And when his turn at cooking comes,

He thinks only of when he can retire;
He pines to be a gentleman, and artist;
With his little black mustache and dark face,
He feels in his blood a tingling,
That tells him he is of a superior and proud race.
He is not so scrupulous in morals;
He gambles when he feels fit to win;
And usually when business is good,
He takes part of the cash, and feels no guilt of sin.
He has a dress suit now, and goes to dances;
Indeed, through his club and other means,
He is getting a touch of social gloss,
And deigns to think he might wed one of the queens.
At the home of a gambler and racing man,
He is received as a man of good standing,
And while he feels they are not his equal in quality,
He is glad they are socially commanding.

Among women he is obsessed of being magnetic,
And imagines he even knows their mind,
So he plays to flattery, and holding himself in,
Awaiting a chance to move up from behind;
He knows little of spiritual dynamics,
But he seems to know that when the day,
For the conquest of his ambition has arrived,
He must save himself up if he would have his way;
In his scheming for place and honor,
He is willing to pledge his soul,
But he expects to make a bargain with the devil,
And sell for the greatest possible toll;
He has no scruples about character;
Reputation counts for everything there;
So he plans with all his ingenuity,
To bring his reputation to the highest rating it will bear;
In gambling he studies the art of cheating,
Always planning never to get caught;
And in stealing from their own cafe.
Leaving just enough to come out, is his thought;
For wine he goes in very sparingly,

As he knows he cannot stand the pace,
But he makes every insinuation bear him out,
That he drinks a great deal at another place.

Poor Simp he has reduced to a menial;
He has managed to clean him up some,
But he does all the cooking now,
And is waiting for the time for profits to come;
Simp cannot figure like Absul,
And when there is a question of money,
Absul has it all figured out;
Doing fine, but not making a thing, so funny.

CHAPTER 6

Sometimes for a day Absul goes away,
Out in the country, or in the park,
To practice his painting for temperament,
As he would feign to dabble in art.
On an occasion he has his canvas spread,
Before a beautiful landscape by a stream,
When Ruth passes along, a pail on her arm;
Not berries, but a career is her dream.
These years have not been so kind she thinks;
Eighteen and still her opportunity has not come;
She is shocked to discover near by a princely artist;
Her wits deserted her, standing bear-headed in the sun.

Be not excited my pretty maid,
I am as harmless as a dove;
I came to this innocent and pleasant place,
To catch a glimpse of nature making love;
While we are strangers, I am sure no harm,
Can come to us by friendly converse by the road;
As you can see, I am busy with my work,
Though no doubt your conscience ill forbode;
Tell me if I can get a lunch close by,
As I failed to bring one with me;
Though I might live on berries one day and not die,
Yet I should rather dine with thee.

Sir, we can serve you in the house beyond the trees;
Your presence here I did not expect,
But I shall dismiss my fear of you,
And go before I cause you to your work neglect.

He grabs her quickly in his arms and steps away,
Leaving her in worse excitement than before;
Turns and kills a copperhead close where she stood,
And then would apologize some more.
She is full of indignation at first,
Which could but surge back to her heart;
Her emotions now are going around and around,
And her reason has completely lost its part.

At home she serves him in a dream,
While dad and mother look askance;
He is in no hurry to get back to work,
And Ruth sings at her piano in her trance;
He is not sure he wishes to get entangled here,
But his heart finds something holding fast;
And what he would do for the first time,
Is what his actions take up last;
The afternoon goes, time is due for leaving;
He persuades her to walk with him to the train,
And since he knows not what to proffer,
Her career comes crawling to her brain;
He hears her and considers, and wonders,
If it be possible for him to succeed,
On her voice and reputation's earnings;
He will weigh the matter with his need.

CHAPTER 7

David has never lost hope of winning her;
To do so he has studied and spent much effort;
At times she feels kindly toward him and would yield,
But her own ambition stood up against his court;
He has studied electricity, and working,
Saves the proceeds in furthering his goal;

Adding bookkeeping and such learning,
To bolster up the courage in his soul;
The farm does not excite his spirit,
And to work where he can woo Ruth with him,
Is the greatest impetus to his ambition;
He is in a straight and knows not how to win;
I will go to the city he says,
And when I am employed and settled down,
I will return for Ruth, and she will listen,
As she can then seek her own renown.

He finds employment in a factory,
Building machinery, and things electrical;
While he thus works and saves for the day,
He writes to Ruth, always aiming at the practical;
He tells her of a home they can buy with his savings,
Paying by the month for a part;
And to convince her that he wants her madly,
He offers everything to help her with all his heart;
He tells her of dreams of their little home,
He has here all alone in his room,
Mentioning the children they will have,
And everything loving his mind can presume;
He counts the weeks of their married life,
Giving each week a page or two,
And brings her success into the crop
Of all the good things they will do;
He tells her how her little sister,
Can stay if she finds the need,
And when she is successful in song,
Of the ways he can help her succeed;
If children come, and they are in the way,
Sister can care for them for you,
And you can continue your career,
As long as you wish to do.
I expect to be a great electrician,
And to advance with this concern;
I will study everything about the works;
No job ahead of me but I will learn;

I will save my money and buy a car,
If you want one after while;
We shall have no cause to be lonesome;
Never an hour need we beguile.

But my dear, I go so far I fear,
You will be tired of contemplating;
Only just come and be with me,
And of our happiness there shall be no abating.
I spend all my time working and studying,
Or writing each night to you;
For each little letter I receive,
I am glad to send you big ones, two;
When you write a line I write a page,
And consider myself well paid,
Only you withhold the word,
That my happiness will have forever made;
Why do you keep holding off, dear,
When I am offering so much?
In fact, everything I am and have,
I am offering for your touch;
You know one kiss from you,
Will give me the joy of my life,
If you will only give in to me on one thing,
Give the word that will make you my wife;
If you do not say the word
That will make me so free,
I hardly see how I shall spend the years,
Which I sometimes wish would not be.

Love planted early in my heart for you,
Has kept me all your own,
And no other girl would I put there,
For fear of earning your frown;
I am saving myself all for you,
And for you will make any sacrifice,
And though you never say "yes" to me,
I am yours and shall do anything at your advice;
I strive never to make a lie,

Lest by some means you I disgrace,
In some future position I be found,
With that lie upon my face;
I never allow an ill thought of a woman,
To creep into my mind,
Lest it should be planted and breed,
Some thought of you unkind;
As I go forth to service,
I think of you as I begin each piece of work,
That you will be the woman this will serve,
I will finish it with such skill no injury can lurk;
In my work I am always looking
For some improvement I can make,
As I want to make every woman happy,
Hoping it will some pleasure to you take;
Yesterday in perfecting a handle for a smoothing iron,
I thought as I shaped it, as for you,
And I carefully made all measures,
So that nothing should be lacking I could do;
In designing an electric rocker
For the babies when mama is not nigh,
I sought to finish a little machine,
That would rock a baby some day for you and I;
In getting out an electric flashlight,
To hang near the door, or in the car,
I made the mirror attachment,
So that you can see how beautiful you are.

CHAPTER 8

Virginia says Ruth is a silly girl,
To think of letting this man pass,
But she is in a quandary,
And the true light is not reaching the lass.

Ruth says I wish I had permitted David
To believe long years ago,
That I would wait for him always,
And hold him only for my beau;
These years I have sought to discourage him,

Thinking he is not made of the right kind of stuff,
And now my pride will not let me
Begin to feel for him, or make the way less rough;
Absul has been to see me twice,
And seems to be a man of good line;
He tells me about his cafe, and seven waiters,
And makes everything look fine;
He promises to marry me if I will go with him,
And engage a master for my voice;
I am sure my ambition will hold me back,
And I shall never be love's choice;
Still I love him with deep feeling;
His smile and little black mustache,
All unite to make a picture enchanting,—
If I only knew it would always last.

Sometimes I feel like I am selling my soul;
That there is nothing but self behind my scheme,
And when I have finished I may regret the toll,
I have had to pay for my dream.
Oh, what shall I do, or be?
And what is the thing to pursue?
I know God has given me a voice,
And its cultivation is my due;
How much should I pay, and how
May I reach the end without sinning?
If my voice is mine, my soul is mine;
Oh, I'm back again at the beginning;
I will be myself and cultivate my voice,
And pay as little for the thing as I must;
Since Absul is here and persuading me,
I'll go with him; I see nothing unjust.

Absul's persuading has won her word,
But her heart is hers yet awhile;
As she is determined to herself to be true,
Absul she plans to beguile.

CHAPTER 9

Absul has planned the marriage a fake,
At a neighbor's who is like himself, as one,
And while they perform a ceremony with license,
No marriage will officially be done.
Absul would marry her if he thought
He could count surely on her voice,
But until he can set her value down,
He is waiting surely to make his choice.
He engages a flat in a respectable place,
And they go to work to make their dreams materialize;
She practices her singing all day long,
While he gambles he has won a prize;
This thing does not go on long,
Before they begin to read between the lines,
That neither is getting more than the other gives,
And each begins deeper designs.
Ruth thinks she is married and regrets her choice,
As love cannot succor itself alone;
She has loved herself through all the years,
And has lived on the love of her friends, now gone;
Like a plant which has been covered and grows,
And at last begins to see the sun,
So Ruth wakes from her long hibernation,
And surveys the work she has done;
She has married a man she does not love,
And now her conscience will not down;
His eyes, manner, smile, all speak the same thing,
He possesses her as a thing to own;
He encourages her practice as a thing he would exploit,
And her voice she is learning to hate;
But she dare not leave practice off,
Now that she sees too late.
For success as a singer she has no heart;
She is sure she could fail and die,
Rather than succeed by the side of this man,
Who has won her with a lie;
Self-pity she would indulge.

But she remembers she got what she married,
A chance to develop her art;
She is now by opportunity harried;
What is wrong with me anyhow,
That the thing I craved so long,
Now that I have it, I hate it so?
Why different now? Then I could see no wrong.

She resolves against resolve,
To continue her course and win;
To herself she can still be true,
And be no partaker in his sin;
She studies and practises for success alone,
And labors the whole day through;
When Absul arrives she is unconcerned,
As she claims now to him nothing is due.

He smiles in self-satisfaction,
And considers her efforts with glee;
His investment looks to be assured,
All he need do is wait and see;
The days drag along as she fights alone,
Ever approaching closer her goal;
The things we win here cost us dear,
When we pay as Ruth, with our soul.

The stream of life runs on,
But sometimes divided in its course;
So one part of this stream has gone to a career,
Weakening so much the true stream's source;
The reservoir of the stream for the career,
Which has been filling through the years,
Is running dry as the days go by,
And will soon be empty, and filled with tears.

Ruth has walked the narrow way,
And as she struggles to reach the top,
The resources of her youth hold out,

Until of success she attains a moderate sop.
Absul is a master full of avarice,
And expects more than moderate returns;
His disappointment soon gives vent,
And his anger with Ruth then burns;
He upsets her nerves and will to go on,
And hate is striving to control her life;
While she would loathe to break her word,
She would not live in strife.

A baby comes to curse a home,
Where it should a blessing be,
And in her hour of her soul's deep need,
She feels to stand alone is her necessity;

In her hours of lonely waiting,
She thinks of David, and wonders,
What he would think of her if he knew
How her life is split asunder;
Recounting her days from her marriage till now,
The last note hangs like a picture yet,
Telling him not to write any more,
And try to forgive and forget;
She remembers how she thought she loved Absul,
But now she can see it plain,
She loved only an obsession in herself,
And was seeking to turn it to gain;
Her obsession is spent and she is poor,
As nothing now remains,
Of the thing she loved worth the while;
Only an emptiness she now contains;
After ruminating through the past,
And trying to fix the blame,
She turns to the future to survey,
What meed shall attend her name;
She makes an effort to reconstruct,
In her mind the course of her fall,
So that if possible she will throw it off,
And get from under the pall;

She goes to Sunday school again in her mind,
And recalls every possible thought;
Measuring all the things she did,
Against the things she was taught;
She remembers something about seeking
First God's kingdom, and adding the rest;
Why I wonder did I not that,
And give the Lord a test.

She measured and measured through the night,
To find where she was guilty of sin;
She knew that something had gone wrong,
As her harvest was coming in;
She could not clearly see the gash in her soul,
But she vowed in heart to repent,
And make amends in every whit,
When once she could find the rent;
She will visit her mother as soon as she can,
And stay until her mind is clear,
Just what she shall do, and how,
And strive to overcome her fear.

CHAPTER 10

The mind of the man is the ruler
Of the material it is balanced over;
Absul's mind has not been balanced of late;
The woman he gambled on failed,
Still he seems to want her;
He has not been to see her
Since she went to the maternity hospital;
Of the many causes of his annoyances,
She is the principal;
He is now planning a way out;
He is losing his care about reputation;
With an unwelcome infant about,
He prefers a separation.
I have other women friends,
Who have more thought of their person;

Why could not she have had more care,
Than from somewhere come bringing her son;
It is all over, I am through,
I shall not see her again;
She can take that brat and go,
How do I know she did not see other men?
She has cost me a lot of money,
And I expected her to be a scream,
But just when she might begin to pay,
With a baby she breaks my dream;
It is enough to upset a man,
For affairs to take such a turn;
I think I will insure this joint,
And then some night let it burn;
That fool Simp has got mad,
And is working on Service street,
And now I must pay a cook;
Simp tells I am a dead-beat.

The world is not the same;
Everything is going wrong,
But I must live somehow;
The world owes me a living,
And I'll get it before long;
The fools around the gaming
Are getting on to my tricks;
I cannot make headway with them any more,
It seems they are on,
No matter which joint a fellow picks;
I might hold up some man,
After I locate him with the kale;
Trouble is those things are unsafe;
If I take a chance, only a matter of time till I fail;
I might try boot-legging,
But the way you have to pay,
The dirty crooked officers are worse,
Than any set of crooks today;
Then there is more chance to take,

As one now and then thinks he is straight;
And getting the goods, or making it,
Some fool wise-acre will prate;
I will figure out some way to collect;
Things have come to an awful fix,
When a man to get his due,
Has to resort to so many tricks.
The weak against the strong;
The whole world organized against a few;
They go prating about robbers and counterfeiters,
As though we have no rights, or due.

Well, I will show them a few things
Before I finish my day;
They may think they can hold mine back,
But they'll have a hard time saying me nay;
I wish they would start a war;
Then a man can make things go;
A fellow can work several trades,
And make a lot of dough;
Everybody is busy then, too;
Not so much effort to understand;
Gambling goes easy when they are full,
And money to be had on every hand;
I can pick up a little information,
And sell it as easy as pie;
And what is nicer than selling the people,
Who are always dogging a spy.

CHAPTER 11.

Ruth:
Mama, I am home to get your forgiveness;
I find I have made an awful mistake;
That longing I felt so long for a career,
Was evil striving a bargain to make;
I see it now, with its horror;
Love never had a chance in my heart,

With that devil standing there ready
At everything he disliked to fire a dart.

There was David, dear David, I love him,
But all the years he was at my door,
I could not see through the mischief,
Which in all my future it went before;
Every good impulse that came in,
It seems had to strive with my career;
And in my conceit I thought it virtue,
That would lead me in triumph through fear;
But it was a bait that Satan held out,
To bring me into his fold;
And I, like a sheep to the slaughter,
Followed on until his tentacles took hold;
Then I struggled and fought for my vantage,
And cried for truth to help me through;
But truth seems to be sleeping,
And I got no help in what I would do.

I fought for musical attainment,
Until my energy was all gone;
Then I went to the hospital and baby came;
My husband deserted me, and I am alone.
What can I do, dear mama?
Will you let me awhile stay here,
Till I can get on my feet and my bearing,
And learn how to bring up this little dear?
I will go back as far as my memory goes,
And correct every fault that I ever had,
And endeavor to hang good pictures everywhere,
Which in my memory are now bad;
I will work and keep myself in order,
And help do the work about the place;
Keeping good and pleasant thoughts in my mind,
Will help to keep a smile on my face;
This is going to be an awful battle,
To up-root the tares I have sown;
Like tearing the heart out and resetting,

Putting little things where big ones have grown;
While the little ones are growing,
The ground will be empty and bare;
And so much patience in waiting,
While good things are growing there.
It is an awful thing, this replanting,
After a failure when we expect great results,
Then to clear your life of all action,
And plant service where once reigned tumults;
I shall have to hold remorse in subjection,
And with meekness wait on the Lord,
To water the word He has planted;
Without Him this fight will be too hard;
But the fight is worthwhile, and I'm ready,
To battle with all my might,
To establish good things in my life,
With an eye single to what is right.

Mama:
My dear, of course you are welcome;
We are glad to have you here,
But we are sorry your fortune
Has crowned you with a tear.
I hoped and prayed that you might win,
But I knew you had chosen wrong;
As the fruits of the good and true,
With secrecy and stealth do not belong.
When that man came here to win you,
He carried on behind my back,
And I knew not you were tempted,
Until you were won by his attack;
I know I was negligent in duty,
In failing to fortify you against sin,
But you were protected here by the country,
And my ignorance did not expect him then.

I have spent many an hour in weeping,
For the loss of my darling child.
And prayed always for your keeping;

Many a day my heart wept when my face smiled;
Sorrow filled all my silence,
With a cup I had to drink;
And my soul burned within me,
Till my mind refused to think.
Now that you are back and well,
I am sure that you will profit by the act;
But your strength is too weak alone,
Only God can supply your lack.

The way to get rid of those tares
Is break up the ground well deep,
And fill your life with good deeds,
While you wait for your harvest to reap;
Your heart is like the garden,
It must have God's love for sun,
And the rain of His blessings shall fall
In the opportunities for good as they come.
We need not go to the end of the earth,
To bring happiness to us;
Just plant it in your heart and let it grow;
The fruits are too numerous to discuss;
No one has a life full of happiness,
As long as sin is abroad;
Every woman who loves and bears children,
In something envies the bawd;
But sin is weak and treacherous,
And once it gains a place in you,
It begins to strive and make you unhappy,
Trying to cast out everything that is true;
There is no room within for a divided house;
You must serve some master first;
And the first will subordinate every other,
As a ruler for power has a thirst.

When once you lie, your house begins to fall,
And passers-by can look in at you;
They may not see you, but they see the hole,
Where the false has supplanted the true;

The false cannot supplant the true,
Unless your will shall so decide;
And truth will reign without your consent,
Until you let sin abide;
When you dismiss the truth,
He takes up his reign at your door,
And camps there an enemy until you sue for peace;
Or fights you forever-more.

So, my dear, be of good cheer,
Your welcome is overflowing;
And all our love shall balm your pain,
Our best blessings on you bestowing.
Do not try to heal your own wounds;
That cannot be done by you at all;
You must wait on nature and its laws;
Remove the cause and guard against another sewing.
God is good and wise, you see;
He knows we are full of flaws,
And made provision for us to come back;
We are not hurt in spirit without a cause.

CHAPTER 12.

A letter from Absul, I wonder what he wants,
After leaving me without a word;
In my heart I'll never trust him again;
As a man he is about a third;
He says we were not married!
He only went through a fake;
He finds he does not love me, as he thought!
I guess not, the miserable rake!
I have long doubted his intent,
And now I see it plain;
He married me to use me to serve him,
And thought he might turn me to gain.

The beast that can lie with such cunning,
And never wilt in his smile,

Has a heart that is hard as adamant,
And a will only to lie and beguile;
To think of my shame at this hour!
I could tear that boy's heart out;
And still, he is mine, and not his;
All vengeance must be put to rout.
I will have to endure it alone,
And in the spirit of the Christ,
Just turn the other cheek and pray,
And even love him, I suppose;
With hell life is spiced;
Oh! God, possess me now,
And help me to bear this cross,
While from my heart I pluck every evil thought,
And the fires of hell burn away my dross;
I am sinking down, down, down,
And drinking the dregs of gall;
If death were found at the bottom,
It can add no bitterness to my fall;
The life I have fed upon has made me sick,
Still others consume it, and more;
While to me it is like wormwood and fire,
To them they only hate being called a whore;
How shall I ever endure it,
And live to see it through?
What shall I tell the world, and my son,
And what will they think and do?

Now that I am stripped stark naked,
Of all reputation I ever had,
I will commence to build again,
And use nothing that Heaven forbade;
I may die in the making,
But I will win this fight if I live;
There will be no such thing as sacrifice,
It shall be my duty to give;
I will give my life in service;
I will give my voice in song;

I'll give my soul as an emulsion,
To heal wounds made by enemies' wrong.
When I have poured it all out in triumph,
I will stand on the altar and smile,
And dare the very fires of hell
To burn me all the while;
I will plant myself in the middle of the mess,
And by God's power and grace,
I will sprout and grow another life,
And clothe it with a better face;
I shall not weep or sadden,
Nor further sully the name I love;
I'll be too busy up-setting the devil,
With the power I draw from above;
I will plant truth in the face of iniquity,
And dare it to dispute my word;
I will make it grow and bloom and thrive;
And cowards shall not know what occurred;
I will stand for virtue where infamy,
Hangs her head for shame;
I will make them deny their rotten souls,
And acknowledge that truth is game;
I will dog the heels of evil,
With a flame that shall never cease,
And be unafraid of their viciousness,
For death shall give me release;
If I die in the course of duty,
As I have found it laid on my soul,
I will fly straight to the breast of my Maker,
And He will hear me, and make me whole.

Henceforth I am the militant enemy,
Of every sin of the race,
And no man shall raise a voice of protest;
I will fling it back in his face.

But I must calm this raging;
It is like beating against the wind;

But nevertheless, I have arrived,
And shall stay, my whole life to spend.
When I get through scratching the devil,
He'll wish he had not taken me in;
I'll fight him until I see his doom,
And then fight his works among men.

Something tells me this is not the spirit,
That wins against great odds;
That spirit is calm and unassuming,
Wearing the confidence of the gods;
Moving slowly when provoked;
Enduring long the sneers and insults;
All the while planning a deep intent,
That shall not be known, except by results;
Thus shall I work and fight,
Trusting God to make the plan;
I shall not even know the place,
Or when the fight began.

CHAPTER 13.

Absul:
I am beginning to want that woman back,
Even if she has got a boy;
I might take that chap and train him,
And he could bring me a lot of joy;
But it is too late now though,
I wrote her and told her the truth;
How strange of me to do such a thing;
I am still in my bungling youth;
She does not know enough to use it;
I'll bet she burned it up;
Strange how these people who claim honor,
Have to drink such a bitter cup.
Well, it's their due, they should know better,
Such hypocrisy in this day to try;
Why, of course they all have their price;
The boob does not live I cannot buy;
Don't talk to me of honor;

That is the thing with which to control;
Just get something on one of those people,
And all they have they put out for toll.
I understand about all such stuff;
It's dangerous to have it around;
If I were one of them, and they got something on me,
I would bait him, and put him to sleep sound.
But then I am going wrong there;
They would not have the nerve to do that;
Those fellows who think honor is worth while,
Are cowards, and blind as a bat.
I will look around and find a way
To get something on the cattle;
And then I will make them come clean,
Or give them a hell of a battle.
Once I can get a start I can establish depots,
Where I can keep women for sale,
All painted up nice with their silk robes,
That is a bait that will never fail;
And then I will need that Ruth,
To make my respectability look like the truth.
Fool that I was, I never thought;
I will go right back to their farm,
And make this thing all up;
Show how I love her, and meant no harm.

Now let's see, how I can explain it—
I'll tell her about Simp and magnify;
And the bad health I have had lately,
Embellished here and there with a lie.
These women are such fools, you cannot hold them,
Unless you tell them a lot of lies;
In fact, I guess they half-way know it,
But every woman has something she defies.
I'll tell her how badly I miss her;
While I am at it I will be a devil complete;
I never had any use for these half-hearted cowards,
Who are so afraid of wetting their pretty feet.
I cannot tell her we are married though;

She can look at the records and see we are not;
I will have to lie around that some how;
If I ever tell the truth again I hope I get shot.
I am beginning to love liars,
Like I love myself, as much;
If any one learns the truth about me, and tells,
I will kill him like a snake I would not touch;
I will drive out to see her in my roadster,
And that will help get her back;
Women are all fools about motors;
I guess they are all right, but hell painted them black.

CHAPTER 14.

Absul arrives and knocks at the door;
Ruth opens it with a grim smile;
How are you, dear, I missed you so,
I thought I would run out and see you awhile;
I did not know I could miss any one,
As I have you these days;
If you will come back again with me,
I promise you I will mend my ways.

The cafe burned, and everything went wrong,
And that is mostly the reason
I was all broken and in such spirits;
Like a blizzard out of season;
I should have been happy, with our boy,
And you getting along so well;
My trouble began when Simp left,
Followed by other troubles I could not foretell;
Now, be a good girl, and let's go back;
See the pretty car I brought along,
All just to make you happy;
And so much I want you to sing me a song.

Come in and have a seat,
We'll talk things over and see
Why you care enough to come this far,

What the reason can really be;
You told me you did not marry me;
I suppose now you find you did,
And you had a lapse of memory,
During which our marriage was hid?

No, dear, that is a thing we will mend,
As soon as we reach the city;
That I should have allowed those tricksters
To persuade me and fool me, is a pity;
I really thought at the time,
We were being truly married;
But they wanted to play a practical joke,
As they thought, and our marriage miscarried;
I was so angry when they told me,
I almost committed murder;
But they overpowered me, and stopped me;
Finally my passion was spent, and I went no further.

Of course I should have married you,
As soon as I found I was tricked,
But I knew how bitter you would feel,
And I was by my conscience pricked;
Night after night for a good while,
I could not go to sleep,
Worrying and questioning what I should do;
My heart was so heavy I would almost weep;
That was probably the trouble,
That made dear old Simp leave,
I was troubled in spirit and ill-tempered;
So quarrelsome, it is hard to believe.

I was so glad when your music was finished;
You had worked so hard,
And to think that ill-fortune separated us then,
When nature dealt us the boy as a big trump card.
It is all bad, and it is all my fault,
But we can now make amends;

I will be good and stay home every night,
And we will have good things without end.
Tell me, dear, you are going back;
You see I am wearing my sweetest smile;
Make my old heart feel glad,
And don't add another bitter trial.

No, Absul, I cannot go back,
And I hope it does not break your heart;
But the months with you is a nightmare,
Which is too bitter to ever depart.
That smile and pleading you offer,
Are as an empty shell;
I know you now, and I know how,
That smile originated in hell.
Any man who can plead as you do, and woo as you woo,
With an evil design in his brain,
Is too wicked a man to form a plan,
On which any woman should rely again;
No, I have made new resolves,
And I shall stick to them till death,
That I shall fight every evil in sight,
As long as God gives me breath;
Knowing your heart to be so vile,
And your aim to be so sinister,
You are the man I will aim and plan
To destroy as best I can minister;
I will go back to the city,
But I will go to fight your kind,
With every minute of my time,
And every thought of my mind.

Absul, I dont hate you now,
I have gotten past that place,
But I am altogether aiming to destroy,
The last vestige of your race;
Destroy it because it is evil;
Your thoughts are all in the dark;

Though you smile on your countenance,
Back of it lives a satanical shark.
Go now, and it is my wish
You never speak to me again,
And I wish never to see you more,
Until I see you where hell-fire doth reign.

Absul:
So you are wise, you know me now?
Let me give you one word of advice:
Do not ever speak of me thus,
And if you mention my name, say something nice;
Don't forget I spent a lot of money on you,
And you owe me everything you are;
I picked you up out here nothing,
And made you shine like a star;
Your success almost achieved,
You think you can throw me down,
But you will find I will not shake off;
I will hold you in spite of your frown.
You will be proud of me when you surrender,
A man who refuses to be cheated;
I will have my way in spite of heaven or hell,
And I will not be entreated.
Do you think I would let a woman
Deceive me and use me for all I am worth,
And then when she is ready, discard me?
I tell you now I would kill you first.
I will not antagonize you further,
But think it over and come back;
As I am sure your better judgment will prevail,
And your rashness will retract.

CHAPTER 15.

Mama is coming, I must brace up,
And not let her know the worst;
I will steel my heart till death,
And try not think how Absul cursed.

Ruth, what is wrong with you?
You look as if you were all spent;
Dear, do not let little things bother you;
Mend yourself of the past, and repent.

Mama, I thought I went to hell,
And was given my sentence for sin;
I thought I was to be locked up forever,
With a beastly devil, in a little den;
I thought I was his char-woman, and menial,
And carried on his work like a slave;
But there is one way to escape the beast;
I will laugh, and take refuge in the grave.
I could run away like a coward,
And find a place to hide,
But a prisoner in a world of freedom
Is a thing I could never abide;
I could take advantage of him, and kill him,
But in that I would not be better than he,
So I will keep my soul, and go on,
Destroy him with truth, and cease to be.

Oh, what a battle we must win,
When we challenge the sin against our soul;
We must stoop to death to conquer;
It's the price of fate; the gate-keeper's toll;
When I put on this armour immortal,
I feel happy; my soul goes free;
Through death we win our freedom;
By denying ourselves, emancipated are we;
I feel one step pass another,
As my spirit resolves to stand;
I know my salvation is purchased,
And no power can take it from His hand.

I am safe! Oh, hallelujah!
New courage is come to bear me up;
I shall never turn back now, I know;
How I loathe the corrupt.

CHAPTER 16.

David is now general manager,
And three thousand men obey his command;
All his time and thought is enlisted,
To make them love him, and understand;
He strives to put the institution,
Where every man will feel his part,
And become a conscientious worker, without watching;
Each man feeling a boss is set up in his heart;
To do this he has established a school
Where every man is taught from the start,
What his obligations are to God and country;
His employer and himself is one part;
To be true to myself as a citizen,
I must be true to the nation;
As I would that other men do to me,
Is the country's, and family's salvation.
Step by step these things are made plain,
To each worker before he is through;
Before he can be true to another,
He to God and self must be true.
There is a place in their schooling,
Where each one faces wrong, himself the victim;
Here he is shown the value of turning the other cheek,
And to discuss it with his friends before he condemn;
Thus wrongs are corrected with pardon,
That otherwise might have vengeance wrought,
And some home deprived of a supporter,
While victim's self-respect goes up in his thought.

While we are building motors for elevators,
We are building men to go above,
Who will grow and carry on to success,
In their service to all through love;
Such is the building of nations,
Small things begin to make the man,
But the small things of correct regulation,
Work wonders in completing the plan;

If every man were free without limit,
There would be no need for restraint,
But since we all serve each other,
Let honor rule without complaint.

We suggest to the parent thus:
Commence with the infant to train,
When it first begins moving around,
To move with your intent in the main;
Toys have one place to be kept,
And keep them in that place;
Dirt has one place to serve,
And that is not on the face;
When they go out to play under a tree,
A paper they should rest upon;
And when they wish other things to do,
Leave papers where they belong;
With courage and firmness reprimand,
That they be not unkind to each other;
And honestly give them to understand,
Every human being is a brother.

Certainly there is a time to teach,
What you own belongs not to another,
And when that other your possessions take,
It is your duty his sin to uncover.
It is my duty to withhold from giving,
To those who would selfishly make gain;
As such planting will bear fruit
And false giving will bear pain.
Teach giving to be done for service,
To the body, the mind, or the soul,
Thus each step is building to perfection;
Credit puts the giver nearer his goal.

Give your wife a kiss for good fellowship;
And your children a smile for faith;
You will find you are sewing for treasure,
And the reward comes soon, not after death.

Give good advice in precept,
But the example is effective more,
And we should do so with love in view,
As the reason for things should be planted at the core,
Fathers are expected to sway their sons,
To respect their neighbor's daughter,
With the same care and good will,
They wish neighbor to give sister and mother.

Thus counter-cords of love are binding,
Each heart to the standard of right;
When they are tried by temptation they will stand,
As they are fortified with counter-might;
Each human should be carefully balanced,
With reason right from the beginning;
And then that reason should be fortified,
With counter-reason against sinning.
Thus the little words and deeds are properly weighed,
And the little wrongs that are prone to accumulate,
Are buried with the counter-claims,
Of little things so many would over-rate.

Like a vine, the personality branches out,
Planted by the side of your gate,
It soon climbs your fence, reaching about,
Ascends a tree to higher estate;
Perhaps it will climb to a neighbor's roof,
And then to his wife's boudoir,
And following its inclination with no regard to right,
It finds itself involved in war;
So should we in our living,
Follow an inclination that is just,
No peering into things not our concern,
Nor violating any thought of trust.
We thus build until our energy surpasses our mind,
And reaches out into another world,
As it cannot see, hear or feel,
It must be balanced before unfurled;
Then if it approaches your neighbor's goods.

It approaches with friendly mien,
As the balance will react against its kind,
It will be welcome where felt or seen;
Opinion begins to ascend this energy,
In the same balance and way,
Until you can see the inside of your neighbor,
With the eye of your mind, like day.
While this process is going on,
Remember he is also growing,
And bear in your heart what you would have him see,
As you will reap what your heart is sowing.

While honesty grows and blooms,
Dishonesty is moving too,
And bears false fruit to bear it down,
Which the true will not do.
When we lie, our balance begins to sway,
And the false fruits add to the weight,
So we imagine our friend is pushing us over,
When it is our own deeds determining our fate.
Many a man has hastened his fall,
By letting his ambition rise,
On a false balance which would not stand,
Breaks down, withers and dies.
Now if this same man had sought balance;
By truth and justice built his parts;
He would have been fortified by faith,
And never felt the enemies' darts.

The enemies' darts are small shafts,
That strike a sensitive spot,
Which is breaking under the load it now has,
Otherwise it would not be so hot.
These are the failures we see every day,
As we witness dying men,
Every one striving in his own false way,
When if truth reigned, it would not have been.

There is a remedy for every sin,
Otherwise we would not indict;
It lies in giving life's control to God,
And to all humanity do right.

If we take up our fate at the time and place,
Where nature is moving on,
We'll move with the tide of youth and life,
To the fortune we may claim for our own.
If we fail to take the tide today,
Tomorrow our balance is a little off;
We may overcome by a harder fight,
But we are more inclined to scoff.
As we go down we blame others,
For pushing us away from our own,
Whereas it is a chance the ones we blame,
Are the ones who have a right to moan.
By our pushing into their affairs,
When they would build their hours,
We dishevel their work, while ours we shirk,
Necessitating they concentrate their powers.

Such is life as we find it here,
Mixed up as it should not be;
To relieve it is the work in hand,
To teach these blind builders to see.

CHAPTER 17.

David's work is going fine today;
He thinks: I'll let my foremen go it alone;
Unless we give the babes a chance,
They will crawl till life is done.
I will go back to the old home,
And see how dad and mam are going;
And look over the old scenes,
Where so long I spent just growing;
I want to climb that old apple tree,
And get that big yellow one again;

And slip another watermelon away,
To cool and eat after the rain;
I'll be a boy and swim in the old hole,
Where we used to many years ago;
I wonder what has happened to those boys,
Who used to wrestle and race me so.
We would play hide-and-seek in the barn,
Dodging work in rainy weather;
We would dig a hole far under the hay,
And would sometimes nearly smother.

Such is a boy full of fun and frolics;
It is good until they begin to sneak off;
We boys frequently drifted so far,
Our conduct was too rotten to speak of.
It behooves fathers to begin early,
The acts of sons to guide on,
Else they will attach to contaminations,
They may not shake off when they are grown.

A lot of fools think it makes no difference,
But it makes a difference with your fruit or stock;
If some disease fastens on it young,
To mend it you set your face like a rock.
But boys get into devilment,
That is a disease of the soul and mind,
And unless it is cured by the leaven of virtue,
It will early emasculate and betray their kind.
The girls have their vices and evils,
The same as the boys do;
In playing with the fires of nature,
They leave openings for evil to come through;
In later years when sin strikes,
They are weak in the part where they broke,
And the edge of an evil suggestion,
Creeps through when no one spoke.

Truth is a great advertiser;
He writes it on the face of us all,

Just what we are and why, etc.,
Only we are too dumb to read after we fall;
Nature plants all things to perfection,
But we through sins we inherit, and our own,
Mar her work and make it ugly,
Such waste the Master will not condone.
Men should cultivate virtue,
Coupled with daring and love,
Forgetting not to be guided by reason,
In their efforts forward to move;
Abandon all hypocrisy and cowardice;
Eschewing all hasty service to self first;
Appealing direct to their Maker,
For all needed slake for their thirst.

Secrets are things for the evil;
Keep none of them hid in your breast;
Which does not mean we should tell everything;
Tell the necessary, and withhold the rest.

All things that apply to men,
Apply to women as well,
With reason to lay on the burden,
But keep no tryst with hell.

Doing wrong is like looking backward,
We put our toe where our heel should be;
If you are headed for suspicion,
Right about where the light you can see.
Nothing is gained by living in darkness,
Neither of sex, ambition, or fraud;
Spread your life out between you and your Maker;
The wrong will dry up, and the right some one will laud.

CHAPTER 18

Old dad is still digging and saving,
Laying by for the time of need;
Mam is canning and serving,
Still going, but with lesser speed;
These dear old folks, I love them,
All their children now gone, and alone,
They cherish and bless each other,
With the smile they have used so long;
How glad they are to see me,
It makes me ashamed to come home,
And have them do so much for me,
When I would prefer serving them some.

That hen cackling in the barn lot,
Announcing another egg by her lay;
Nature has provided her an instinct,
To tell how she expects to live another day;
She shouts aloud her accomplishment;
The rooster sounds his alarm,
As she flies from the nest,
He seems to fear she will do herself harm.
Now he has found a choice morsel;
Hear him calling her to come and enjoy;
He pretends she is not coming, and eats it,
While she runs to him disappointed. You dirty boy!
He drops one wing down and trips around;
I suppose that is his way of making love;
He is trying to smoothe over his selfish act,
With a little mush and salve.
People are sometimes like that,
Only they use more conceit;
He will make up with that old hen in a jiffy;
In like manner women allow affronts to repeat.
The pigs go wrestling for their dinner;
Every one has his own rightful teat;
And the geese go strutting around in couples,
All ganders pretend everything to defeat;

They fight the cows, and pigs, and each other;
That old crook-tail seems to boss the lot;
Grabs a hog by the ear and squalls and flaps,
He has had enough exercise to make him hot;
The calf tries to get a little of his feed;
Got it by the tail and gone on a run;
Comes back bragging of the great victory;
Bossing this barn lot for him is great fun.

There are men like that gander, in their estimation;
Go about fighting and strutting and bragging;
When there is no one around they are afraid of,
They are at some one always nagging;
That gander never tackles the boar;
He knows his authority will not go;
So with the bully, when some one he fears is around,
He acts like he is sick, and lies low.
How much we animals all seem related;
I judge from this fact our creation,
Was by the same hand in the main;
As the steps of likeness follow each other,
Something like the cars follow in a train.
Well, man is the caboose and conductor,
And whether we own this train, or not,
We are the head of the kingdom,
And will be responsible for our lot.

CHAPTER 19

Mother has told me about Ruth;
That man of hers is a ruthless demon,
Not to be able to see the virtue of her,
Proves he knows not the value of women.
I will go to see her tomorrow,
And hear her explanation of it all;
Ruth is such a circumspect woman,
To get a divorce to her is to fall.

The man who could surpass her,
Must have horns or wings;
I thought I was quite a man,
And the gash of my wound still stings;
How humiliated I feel at this turn,
For the only girl I ever loved,
To reject me with disdain,
As if I had not her affections moved.
After I had done my very best,
With years to perfect my cause,
This bully comes charging in,
And succeeds with a moment's pause.
She grabs him with feverish haste,
And they are gone from her world,
To a place he has prepared;
Then back again she is hurled.
It seems like a tragedy,
Still I suppose it is all right;
I'll bear my pain and love her still,
As the winner surely had the might.
I suppose I should seem to love her not,
As it is now too late to plead,
But my heart may break out,
And reveal my soul's deep need.
A man of nerve and steel,
Can thrust himself through hell,
If he feels the need for the course,
And his heart should never tell.
I will try to mend her life,
As much as I can as a friend;
Being careful to not open the old wound,
And treat the past as a thing at an end.

Ruth is a dear old girl withal,
So beautiful and kind;
It may be though my love has magnified her so,
That I do not know her mind.
She was always so friendly and distant,

Depending on me to unwind
Everything I knew about, or thought;
When she talked, she said nothing I would find.
I knew somehow she was dodging;
Never really letting me in,
Which made me work the harder,
Trying to find a common thought for love to begin.
But I failed; how mortifying,
When I thought nothing was too high,
That once I laid my siege to it,
I could bring it nigh.
Pride, that is the thing that got me;
Riding too high a horse I guess;
She had the same kind of pride in her,
And could not surrender, and confess.
We are both bearing humiliation now;
She gave the bitterness to me to drink;
And she had it administered in another way,
From which she will no doubt shrink.

CHAPTER 20

Ruth says as she sees David coming:
I am glad I have not told them I am not married;
The humiliation would be too much for me,
As my plans are now so badly miscarried.

Ruth, I am glad to see you looking so well;
While you are showing your sadness,
You are bearing it with a good grace;
And your spirit still radiates that same gladness.
Tell me all about it, and let me help you,
I shall be glad to do what I can;
You know people in my class change little,
And you will find me the same man.

David, there is nothing much to tell;
I made a fool of myself and take the blame;
While I consider no part of the misconduct mine,

I should have taken more precaution against shame.
He is a man with a good veneer,
And I did not try to see into his soul;
I took him at his word, and he rushed me off my feet,
But disillusion brought me to see his true role;
He was merely exploiting me for himself,
And has been here to take me back;
But I am sure we will not be friends again;
Further revelation I suppose my opinion should lack.

I am determined to give my life to service,
As soon as I can get started on my way,
And all I ask is a chance to help others;
I must use my self up while hope has a ray.

Let us walk in the garden, Ruth,
And I will suggest a way for your transition;
I am able now to help you much,
And will arrange for you at our factory mission.
There you will find an opportunity,
To study people, and methods to pursue;
In raising their burden you will find,
A solace for your own, which is your due.
There will be room for your little Rol,
And I hope he will be a comfort to you;
I hope he does not inherit his father's blood;
The future will give you enough to do.

CHAPTER 21

David:

Ben Gowing, a traveling man for our firm,
Is a philosopher in his own way;
He amuses me at times with his talk
About married life, and things women say.
He was telling me how he gets along;
He says his wife is a gold brick;
I give her all the rope she needs, he says,
If she hangs herself, it is her trick.

I never ask her questions about what she does,
When she goes to town for half a day;
When she wants money I give it to her;
When she buys anything, I never tell her what to pay.

We were married eleven years ago;
I said I trust you fully;
As you are a woman of virtue,
I am sure our home we shall not sully.
Of course there is a chance we may disagree;
In that case let's be frank, and talk it over;
Each having faith in the other's integrity,
And leave nothing unsaid, or under cover.

When the children came on, I took my share,
Assisting her in every way I could;
And she appreciates a handy man around,
Because she never fails to use me good.

He is such a fellow, any one may say what they please;
I asked him one day in a bantering way,
What he would do one of these days,
If he learned his angel was made of clay;
He answered without a moment of hesitation,
That if she did not remain true to him,
She could go in peace to whom she would,
And he would never molest or harm them.

Suppose she receives some affinity,
When you are not at home?
Your children should be considered;
Think of the heritage to them would come?
Well, I love her and would never hurt her,
But if it went that far,
I should withhold the wifely office;
Further, I would raise no bar;
We would settle down to a fight of endurance;
I would be kind as ever to my cook;

While the neighbors would never know,
I would not give her a husbandly look.
Of course one cannot tell how it would turn out,
But I would center entirely on myself,
Considering the children mine,
And live to preserve the truth till death.

Ben was a good kind of fellow,
So I asked him what church he claimed;
None at all, was his reply,
But I believe in every one God has named.

But how do you know God names them?
You do not hear Him shout His word aloud.

Ben:
God named everthing that holds Him up,
From the moment His cause they avowed.
None of them are perfect,
And therefore all have their flaws;
But all are good,
As they all teach God's laws.
Some are better than others,
According to how close to Him they live;
But the one farthest away,
Is good to the extent their hearts they give.
I love them all,
And I help them when I have a chance to give them aught;
The difference between the best and the worst,
After all, is not such a measure as might be thought.

Ben is the kind of man I like;
He makes his contacts with every one
With a view to helping them,
And no doubt is a better man himself when each day is done.
I am sure that he speaks every word,
With a conscience that has weighed it well;
Like a little brick for his temple of life,
And a fortification against hell.

They are good men to have around the factory;
When anything needs to be done,
He is posted as to our aims and needs,
And never fails to help the work on.
It may be a little thing as encouraging the men;
Or if he sees a foreman out of humor,
He goes around and slaps him on the back,
And feels out the cause, or rumor;
Perhaps he is falsely informed about something;
Or has misinterpreted some act;
Ben knows where we are all headed for,
So he ingenuously bolsters him up with a fact.

Ben says Christ is coming,
And he is getting ready for the day,
By preparing the world to receive Him,
With every word he has opportunity to say.
He says by engaging evil against the Infinite,
The way of life will be opened wide;
And all things stand as they should,
Humanity moving on, Son of Man with His bride.

I ask why some people are so easy to satisfy,
As those living on Ragged Row?
They take life easy and have fun,
Living in dirt, and black as a crow.

Ben:

People are happy according to their light;
Those people would be unhappy without food;
They live a small life and take no account,
For whether things are evil or good.
That is poor territory to sow for good;
Their spring of life is well nigh petered out;
They are mostly all dead,
Though still walking about.

Ruth:

David, I thank you for your offer of help;
It brings a new ray of hope;
I will not tell you what I will do,
But you have thrown a drowning woman a rope;
I wish I could tell you everything;
If you will promise never to offer me love,
I will reveal my humbled estate,
And into your mission I will move.
Since you promise, I tell you;
I am humbled to a woman of the street;
I am not married, and I have a child,
And it's father's name I loathe to repeat;
But my soul is freed of shackles,
And while my name is still thrown down,
I am free and full of fight,
And will contend for a noble crown.
I will tackle that job on Ragged Row,
And burn them with the light,
Till they have to crawl and walk and run,
To get away from their miserable night.

In my soul I sank down to desolation;
I met death and crossed the tide;
Like finding a surcease from labor,
And renewing relations where I did reside.
Death is a separation,
From the things which hold us down,
So reason becomes a certainty on the instant,
Whereas before it was encumbered,
And needed to contrive to work around;
I leap a great gulf of indecision,
To a decision according to fact,
Without necessity of moving my load about,
As when formerly I would some matter attack;
I have gone on into elysium,
A place where the soul is at peace,
No longer encumbered with maladjustment.

Awaiting for its release;
Maladjustment consists of misdeed,
Which in life forces conscience to condone,
When released from imprisoned matter,
Like two fingers released from a hole made for one;
My death, you see, I have discounted,
By facing the devil in the fray;
Counting my old life dead, I live again,
And this is the light of a new day.

The soul grows by attraction,
Of free energy above matter,
And the matter should be free,
From all save nature's control;
Children come without mental conception,
So that nature may fully shape their soul;
When parents begin their influence,
To force false conception into nature's plan,
It is then governmental sin commences,
And a propitiation is prepared for man.
With these false conceptions in children,
They go into life as with a halt,
And it takes the form of prejudice,
When such a one is guilty of a fault.
Other original sin of ancestors,
Is visited in a physical decree,
By punishing the off-spring of sinners,
By disease of parents, as being forbidden to see;
Such sins are like stabs of an enemy,
At the very heart of the race,
And it behooves the victim to tie fast,
To the Creator, and lean on His grace.
The victims have the opportunity, if they will,
As a steel spring made taut,
They may release it to the service of their kind,
By turning away from vexation and sorrow,
And as possessing of provender bought,
Using their inheritance with a purified mind;

And this reversal will change all vexation,
To peace and good will, they will find.
Thus the darkness of sin is converted,
Into the glories of man's estate;
Such become angels of light and gladness;
The night of sorrow is made void of hate,
When once they turn their personality,
Toward the ways and deeds of the good,
Every moment adds momentum to their motion,
And more pleasure to their mood.

A mansion is built in heaven,
For a votary marked for hell
By those who brought the light of day,
All through a little leaven,
Served by a soul that would be well,
And its darkness is banished away.
Such a one serves as a catalyst,
In the presence of those in the dark,
To bring them to the place of union,
Of their soul to a noble mark;
Fitting the man who would be a thief,
To carry the gold to the mint;
And a woman who would be a social sore,
To be an angel from mercy sent;
These two may a union form,
To bear the torch of civilization on,
And the impetus grows as the morn,
From night till evil is gone.
Cube root would work wonders with their deeds,
But that they must stop and concentrate;
They meet the tempter on the way;
He makes their competence look like scanty need,
And this need of theirs finds a mate;
Their waste begets gloom to close their day.

So the wages of the way we take,
Pays us in the currency of our course,
And we find ourselves back at the place,

We so happily received a divorce.
If we will but enthrone our faith,
And trust the infinite source for power,
Forgetting ourselves in the service we do,
We shall make the space of a year in an hour.
Our attraction will draw others in the way,
And force Satan to concentrate on us,
Leaving the weaker forces of life free,
To move the will of nature to confess.

David:
Ruth, you are talking like a new being,
As if you were full of infinite fire;
I am sorry you made me promise,
But any wish of yours is my desire.

Do you remember how I used to help you,
Milking and driving the calves;
And how that old ram butted me over,
My head in the milk, and nearly broken in halves?
Those were the great days for us;
I would like to live them over again;
After we finished we would hang on the gate,
Until driven home by your dad, or the rain.

We should continue to be good friends, at least;
I need you and you need me;
Do not ever think of Montis for a minute,
To be with him you would in misery be.
He is one of those who cultivate mastery,
Which is good when properly laid;
But underneath he distrusts everything,
He wants to be master because he is afraid.

Men through false living and dissipation,
Reduce their lives to mere imitation;
Their incapacity becomes such they believe everything,
According to their false standard of valuation;

They measure other people in their measure,
Having reduced themselves to small respect,
They have no respect for honorable people;
Worthy appreciative power vanishes through neglect.
They take their days of empty achievement,
Which measure naught, or very small,
And set it by the side of great endeavor,
And berate the man who achieves, and saves it all;
They rate all men who hold a trust as thieves,
As they themselves would be;
They set a price and method on procedure,
According to the conscience light they see.
They relate a fact and think it true,
The main facts are usually there,
But swollen in some and shrunk in others,
So that the truth is by no means bare.

When a man sets the price he will sell for,
He is tempting Satan to buy him in,
And if he has a value worth mention,
Satan will reduce it to begin.
The devil knows a man who sets a price on his soul,
Has put himself beyond God's claim,
And sets adversity to work to cheapen it;
Disheartened, his good feels full of shame;
He makes him feel honor is a hypocrite,
And duped him for the disgrace he got,
Then unless falsehood is given the right-of-way,
More degradation is added to his lot.
At last, he sells for a mess of pottage,
The soul he offered for another price;
Then Satan sneers and kicks him in the gutter,
With a piece of good, though tardy advice.
The moral is, have no price. The immortal,
Does not belong to you to sell;
The soul belongs to God, who gave it,
And for its treachery will send it to hell.

CHAPTER 22

David:
This Absul is not a common devil;
He fixed his price, then bid it up,
And Satan will stand by him to the last,
And give his vengeance in a full cup.

We think him the leader of a bunch of robbers,
Who have a band in every city in the land;
They pull together like a lot of pirates,
And certainly are ruled by a master hand.
A man in Chicago will locate valuables,
By bribery, and every other means to rob;
He marks well the way and preparation,
And a man from St. Paul finishes the job.
Detectives say he swears his minions,
With an oath to kill at his command,
Any violator of instructions, or duplicity;
And he kills them for cowardice with his own hand.
His nerves are breaking under the load,
And I hear he tones up on dope,
So he will not go long before the reckoning,
Which always stands between such and hope.

Life is somewhat similar to checkers;
The method of playing is the same,
Only the pieces are more numerous,
And the winnings from vice to fame.
Some play with honor in pawn,
While others use it when they move;
Thieves move your piece, and call it their own;
Other liars claim the winnings when they lose;
The top piece marks a measure of success,
Which like prestige gives a great advantage,
As the rulers have the right to move both ways,
But beginners may not recross the stage.
In this game of life we play also the Maker,
Who covers His side of the board

Unless we play fairly our portion,
And we forfeit our reward.
If we play fair He shoves the leader,
Then all we need do is follow his hand;
And each move He makes, follow,
And we'll win everything in the land;
What cares He for the winnings;
He makes the game appear hard for fun;
If we trust Him and follow His lead,
Our love will win before it is done.

Take these questions of energy and matter;
Our chemist says energy is the only thing that exists,
Except time and space, which are nothing,
Until energy causes them to persist.
He talks about a little energetic unit,
Breaking over a little square of space,
Which he calls an electron;
After that everything moves on apace;
The elements are like the alphabet;
They spell out in nature like letters do;
All put together they make a circle,
Some short, some longer, get thicker as they brew;
They are positive according to quantity
Of energy an atom may attract;
If positive, they are militant moving on;
If negative, they are coming back;
They have affinity, or the reverse,
According to the force that bears them on;
If positive, they are borne out on the power of the sun;
If negative, gravitation on its return.
Some elements occupy the poles of the circle;
Some the equator, and others between;
Those falling under conflicting forces,
Behave eccentrically it will be seen;
Thus elements of close affinity,
Are borne by opposite force;
The weight of the universe holds them together;
They are hard to separate, of course.

The nucleus of an atom gets its energy under way,
And it takes a mighty force to break through;
It can stand a lot of punishment and heat,
And never fail a call when there is work to do.
Some elements are like comets in their behavior,
While others as planet or satellite;
Conglomerated together, they become,
A mass of mixed and turbulent fight.

CHAPTER 23.

David:
Ruth, any time you need money,
Use one of these drafts, and I will OK all you ask;
I am a conservative spender,
And covering your wants will be a small task.
I am leaving tomorrow,
And until I see you again, it is adieu;
I hope you never feel you are a burden,
As it is a pleasure for me to serve you.

CHAPTER 24.

Absul is back at his old tricks,
The service of militant sin;
Any evil cogitation enters his head,
His ambition is at once to begin;
At first he had a little trouble,
Deciding what evil would best suit;
Now his principal trouble is adding them on,
As fast as he can find a recruit.
He has special branches with foremen,
For boot-leggers, thieves, and other crooks;
The biggest trouble he has is trusting them,
As it is too dangerous to keep books.
He finances a new bunch of second story men,
And soon finds they are beating him;
He is equal to look after them however,
As his trained assassins are in fighting trim.
A bunch of competitors a little sore,

Because he had usurped their trade,
Engaged to peddle a lot of his rum,
And kept all the money they made;
He put his detectives on the job,
Each followed by a man rags to buy,
When they located one of them,
The ragman sentenced him to die.
He got them all before a week,
And nobody seems to care,
As not a witness can be found,
That knows a thing that happened there.
He has his diamond thieves, and bond thieves,
And thieves who do the forging;
The corporation gets half the swag,
So Absul's treasury is gorging;
He pays his attorneys by the year,
To keep him over the law;
And if things go on this way very long,
The land will hold him in awe.

People seem to admire nothing like success,
Most of them never consider the method;
Right does not mean so much to many men,
They think justice is dead, and there is no God.
One thing about wrong they do not see;
That is that every wrong offends a right,
And the people who are offended in time will be
Up in arms for vengeance with all their might;
They may not proceed directly to execution,
But the widow's prayers are effective in winning a fight.

Absul's abomination is brimming full,
And the day of regulation is nigh,
When overloaded with distrust and suspicion,
He breaks under the load he has piled so high.
As usual, it is not a big thing that does it,
But one of the little things kept piling on;
A beggar asks him for a dime to buy coffee;
In his humor he curses him to be gone.

The beggar jabs his crutch forward to go in haste,
As Absul turns aside to catch his car;
His foot caught the crutch and he fell forward,
While the moving auto his chest did mar.

CHAPTER 25

Ruth moved into David's missions,
Where she found a field for her years;
Though marriage was put behind her,
David hoped and waited, while she held her tears.

Ruth:
David, the old Ruth is dead,
And is buried with Absul's dust;
The Christ lives now instead,
And to my Father I shall keep the trust;
The new life that was born within,
As a wheel in another wheel,
Shall move me, and be myself,
As vicariously it shall live and feel;
I know not all the ways of the Infinite,
But I do know the work of His hand,
And as He works, so shall I work,
What He speaks, I shall command.
I am poor, I have no place to lay my head,
Yet my heart is full of gain,
And I am rich beyond measure,
With the opportunities that remain.
Out of my bountiful riches,
I shall heal the wounds of the race;
Like a fountain of eternal water,
My heart bubbles with grace;
The poor, the lame, and the blind,
They are my wards and inheritance,
And assist me in the things that I do,
To free them from their ignorance.

A widow of a no-account vagabond,
Who might work, as she lives alone,

A touch of friendliness brought to her,
To move her is service well done.
I met a man on the street
I knew in my former days;
He does not speak to me now,
Which is a gain for my present ways;
We are well rid of such folks;
Acquaintances seeking to climb,
As that kind of people you know
Bear you down as they ascend.
The friends remaining when you are down,
Are friends to their own loyalty, not you;
And may be depended upon for honest worth,
And will rejoice with you when you get your due.
There is Mr. Fuller on Ragged Row,
A loyal man to all, a jewel;
He tries to help every one and hurt none;
A friend for keeps, not a renewal.
He knows the value of prestige,
And might live in more pomp,
But he lives where he can serve;
At helping the youngsters he is strong,
Instead of a lot of foolish driving;
A rich reward he will deserve.
Starling Goforth, though married,
Is more lecherous than wise;
He should convert his energies to virtue,
But that kind is hard to advise.
Old Bugbear thinks he is a devil,
And takes pride in his iron will;
Never offer such a one anything,
As they are fattened to kill.

In that muddle of human grossness,
Everything of sin may be found;
Girls who work and go out evenings;
Boot-legers and frauds litter the ground.
In that contaminating mixture,
I expect to labor and succeed;

Planting a heart of virtue,
In every breast that will heed.
Without material and little money,
I must try to get the loafers to work;
With good council and friendship,
Visiting any place where sin may lurk.
This is a job of patient persistence,
With a spirit that burns like a blaze;
Never hesitating when flaunted by evil,
And keep working under Satan's gaze.

Wealth takes a lot of forms;
These folks who think they are poor,
Are rich in nature's providing;
A gold mine inside their door;
How foolish it is to be lazy;
Ignorance is a crime against life;
Indigent people sit and wait for help,
And help cannot come into their strife;
One person crying for assistance,
Lies, tattles, and brawls between wails;
Destroying the fruits of her neighbor,
By filling her life with false tales.
There can be no peace in the heart,
When the life is full of brawls;
Some way must be found to bring truth in,
Before they will stop their squalls.

Such is the world Christ is coming to,
Taken with the vice of the rich,
With their waste and fraud and idleness,
Both extremes are bad, but worst is which?
As you know, the rich who loaf and cheat,
And the poor who fuss and beg,
They are both the same kind of folks,
All ticks on the producer's leg.
No wonder Christ calls for service,
As a test for those who would be great;
The parasites who so often claim greatness,

Are drawn from this keg of hate.
There is no peace when ruled by madness,
And no place in the heart for conscience,
When those who rule are strangers to justice,
And authority adds offense to offense.

I will begin by walking by them,
A stranger passing their door;
I will carry the sweets of good-fellowship,
For the babes playing on the floor;
A kind word and a smile to the lonely,
A soft hand on the head of the boy;
I will study to make them love me,
By adding little bits to their joy.
With patience and much persuasion,
I will organize a little band,
To walk and talk and tell stories,
While I hold them by the hand.
I will make them long for heaven,
By showing them the things they need,
And how heaven is filled with it;
As they follow on I will lead.
The crowd will grow more and more,
And to the momentum I will add my pull;
By and by they will love me and believe me,
As the fruits grow round and full.

Through this I bear Bugbear with patience,
And endure the insults of Fraud;
The rain today will bring sun tomorrow,
Making greater opportunity virtue to laud.
The hotter the fires of hell get,
The closer I cling to the right;
Sometimes I think if it were hotter,
I could burn up in fight.

Strange unions are brought about by fate,
Which prove the oneness of all things,
When poor girls find rich men's sons for mates,

And milk-maids hobnob with kings.
Poor Lovelady's daughter will spin in abandon,
With the mighty banker's son;
While Prince Oil King selects at random,
A sop from the maiden he won;
The Oil King princess plays hooky,
With a smart masher about town;
All thinking they are having their day,
When it is the middle wall breaking down.
Two from two leaves nothing,
And that is what is left of such folks;
When they have a final reckoning,
They will see on humanity they were jokes.

I must seek to improve my position,
As they are getting ferocious and grim;
I will draw on David for munition,
And establish a school for teaching them.

CHAPTER 26

David:
Good morning, Mr. Logan, how are you, Mr. Dave?
I see that bad man Montis is dead;
He sure struck it lucky;
Made a million just using his head.

I do not see how you get that?
A man living as he has done,
Is not a lucky man at all;
With his brain honor he might have won.
He lived a contemptible life,
And always lived in fear;
Made enemies every time he turned around;
Dead now, we are all glad, not a tear.
He had a great deal of ability,
But he put it all to ill account,
And piled up evil on evil,
Until his debt is an awful amount.
You may not figure the hereafter;

Lots of people try to do everything here,
But life will sure strike a balance;
The careless and wilful evil-doers pay dear.

Let's consider some of those people;
Inside of the law they are just as bad;
The broker who works merely for profit;
The capitalist who spends what his father had;
All folks who spend and produce nothing;
Women who live mostly in bed,
Burning gas going no where in particular;
Massaging and marcelling their head;
What service do they for a living?
Why should society bear them around?
They are parasites adding to the load,
Would be more of service in the ground.

Another class that is worth a minimum,
The fellow who works and spends with waste;
Their dissipation reduces them to want,
And they stand in the way of all haste;
Slackers, that instead of moving on,
They drag back on the line,
Making necessary for another to carry,
Adding to my load and thine.
When civilization is more perfect,
We shall all be a committee of one,
To see that every other man does his part,
As well as see that his own is done.
When two men grinding at the mill,
One shall take the toll of his lord,
The other his duty to fulfill,
Shall correct him in a word.
All men should be the keeper,
Of all that all others possess;
Not for perversion, or misuse,
But to support the law of progress.
Those people who go burning gasoline,
Drinking and smoking to no use,

Will be listed among the wasters,
That impede, and make social abuse.
But out of the root of Jesse,
A stream of life went forth,
That shall grow and fill, and the worthless spill,
Until the world shall be full of His worth.
Many men through cupidity,
Though rated as men of power,
Are wasters of the rankest sort,
And deserve their power not an hour.
All things have value, and should be,
And those who consider less,
Are the wasters who do not know,
The value they possess.

The possessors of great hills and hollows,
Who pray for level ground,
In time shall see more value,
Than any land to be found.

He who has influence with the poor,
And frets because he cannot collect,
Is a knave with lack of vision;
He should cultivate love and pay neglect.
The poor are in disorder,
For lack of order in their mind,
And those they believe in lack the honor,
To help them their order to find.

If the nation of a hundred million,
Possessed a majority of one mind,
They could the others tell to go hang,
And they their own destiny find;
That is intoxication of power,
When wisdom loses her way;
They find their destiny is in hell,
When meekness quits and despots have their day;
That is more waste for the many,

When they disregard the rights of one,
As ninety-nine against one leaves ninety-eight,
For the hundred when the fight was begun.

The pretensions of one man pervert many,
When seeking more than his own;
We should therefore seek no more than our due,
No matter from whom it may come.

There is value in honor; there is value in strength;
There is value in being widely known;
We all have value in our reach at length;
If no one else knows mine, it is safe at home.
Every man should seek the affinity,
For which his value is cast;
In his way he should find it and mind it;
Hold and increase it until the last.
One man's value lies in digging wells;
Another in speaking the truth;
A third one sells, fourth gloom dispels;
Altogether with God we possess eternal youth.

Then let the foot get into the shoe,
And the leg into the right place;
With the head in the shoe, less work we will do;
On the shoulders it rules with grace.
Some men use their face for such offense,
That when nature needs a part,
The face is so disfigured and estranged,
Posterity uses it for a heart;
The nose gets mistaken for an eye,
While it pries around into things it should not be,
And nature fits upside down in the eye-socket a nose;
We go trying to smell out what we should see.
Such is life with ambition misplaced,
And all mankind struggling for things they do not need.
Neglecting things their thirst has disgraced,
Often substituting poison for feed.

So confused are we through our sins,
That only one way remains to get well;
Follow the course of the divine plan,
Waiting on our own rights when we cannot tell.
Nature in the building of a man,
Like a man in building of a ship,
Goes ahead with his work by the plan,
But sin crosses the parts and makes her trip.
So we in misplacing our thoughts,
May be starting on a course that will curse;
Not so much the present state we have bought,
But the state of our posterity will be worse.

Life, when properly balanced, will flow equal,
For the peasant as much as the king;
While the king may have greater talent,
Still the peasant will be equal in everything;
Like atoms and clocks, also men,
May be equal in appearance and poise;
But one may be wound a great deal tighter,
And make an awful lot more noise.
So false standards in society,
Wind the wrong man to a tight content;
He turns his energy loose for destruction,
And destroys the winders without consent.
We do a good deal of winding of each other;
If your aim is to strive for the good,
You are not wise if you help to wind,
Some other man than your mood.
Thus action and reaction of false standards,
As gamblers outside the law's aim,
All money, or things of value commandeered,
Should forfeit to the common gain;
Since law should not destroy itself,
It is mete that those who live under it,
Possess all they own with its good will,
Otherwise, as spies they would sunder it.

If we would help right these things,
Take God by one hand, your fellow with the other,
When God sends His impulse to you,
Send it on through to your brother.
To accomplish things for good,
We should picture it in the mind,
Then let the impulse flow
To the course we have destined.

CHAPTER 27

David:
Ruth, we have spent many years,
And I have delight in your work's increase;
I did not know so much energy could flow,
And one woman so much service release;
You have made song birds out of dozens of lasses,
That probably would have otherwise been crows;
And you have taught cooking and the art of cleanliness,
And your influence continuously grows.
I love to think of the happiness,
You have brought to many homes,
By putting their resources into action,
Making bread-winners out of drones;
You have helped them stretch their dollar,
By the proper economy in spending,
To cover a much greater need,
And cutting off some of vice's meed.
You have taught them how love and a smile,
Will often heal a flaw,
Which nagged and improperly treated,
Makes wider breach in the law.
You have taught them how to grow,
From little to greater things;
As patience and virtue applied,
Out of common men sometimes make kings.
You have not failed in showing,
How retribution will return and punish,
If they treat their neighbors wrong,
Or fail their children to admonish.

You have taken a great deal of buffeting,
From the boors you met on the way,
But you have turned the other cheek,
And with a smile returned their pay.
Your enemies have been a plenty,
But you put them all to flight;
They could not stand your heavenly smile,
And your eyes that shine with a light.
Your work has transformed a hole of vice,
Into a place of good breeding,
By the touch of a hand of love,
Here and there where it was needing.
There is no combating a woman like you,
As they have no reason for reply;
When you go in the gloom flies;
Law-breakers and loafers hie.

Do you remember how old Bloakum threw you out,
When you were trying to help his wife?
He had beaten her up while drunk;
She was yelling for her life.
You went in to persuade him, and he hurled you out,
So hard you nearly burst;
I was mad enough that day to fight,
But the police got there first.

We are getting old now, we'll soon pass over;
We had better turn the work over to younger hands,
And give them a chance to use our experience,
And we will sit around and give commands.
While we have never gotten married,
I have always loved you that much,
And no matter what arrangement heaven is,
Without you, heaven for me cannot be such.
I hope God is good to me,
And lets me live to the day you go;
After that I would not stay a minute;
If God wants to please me, He shall know.
I want to cross the bar with you,

Right in front of me for a light,
And if there be a place where we fly,
I want to follow you in your flight.

If heaven is a place where people are rewarded,
For the deeds they have said and done,
If our aim was as good as our intentions,
God has prepared a great estate with what we have won.

CHAPTER 28

THE JUDGEMENT

The voice of a mighty angel's trumpet,
Shook the heavens and all below;
And great excitement prevailed throughout;
As the final day of reckoning,
Prepared for violators of the law,
Is come into time with a shout.

From the heights and depths
Of the mountains and the seas,
All people with one accord,
Arise with shouts or wailing,
At the prospect of ease or disease,
That awaits the triumphant concord.

For all who died still lacking,
Of the earthly reward they had earned;
And all who had taken without regard,
Are called to hear a message,
To be determined as it is learned,
What measure to deal, of punishment or reward.

. . . . . .

A voice shakes the universe,
Like unto which no ear has heard;
He is speaking to every man of every race;
And all hear His message,

From babes unborn to beard,
And appear to stand before His face.

. . . . . .

Truth, my servant immortal,
Bring hither your records of time;
Space, be folded up, and ordered;
One cycle of Judgement is begun:
Order, throughout all matter governmental,
Put all your energies in line;
Be every move and effort recorded.

Adjustment to all We recompense;
Mercy who employ Council's defense.

Justice now be served;
Hold and never cease,
In the place where it is fixed and bound;
Ages are stored on mărgins of pages:
All are punished as they deserved;
Heaven opens to all from care release;
Pleasures according to the mercy found.

. . . . . .

I looked in the great commotion,
And saw the spirit of the Eternal in flight;
His coming had brought hell to evil doers,
And His going left heaven for all who do right.

. . . . . .

Thus the judgment compassed,
In the twinkle of an eye,
And all souls find their own place;
The souls of the wicked to punishment,
As the righteous mount on high,
All compelled by the Creator's face.

If we would know the measure of some,
Who answered disolution's call,

We might analyze in detail as they come,
Whether they were to rise, or to fall.
The secret of pleasure or punishment,
Lies in each soul enclosed,
So that if our balance, or unbalance is great,
We enjoy the balance, and suffer the unbalance deposed.

The haters of Christ shall see Him reign,
As like a comet they dash and run;
They rage in their envy afar,
While He moves on like a sun.

The gamblers who still have their sin,
Now want to gamble and lose;
But they never cease to win,
As they sink deeper in the ooze.
Like an avalanche they draw the sins of better men,
Whom they cheated and cured of their fault;
As action and reaction are reciprocal,
The better things of the gambler were by better men caught.

The banker who assesses usurious rate,
Or fleeces the man he finds in distress,
Finds himself surrounded by more power,
And in his mind he loses, even his wife's caress.
The laborer who cheats his employer,
Is working overtime without pay;
While a niggardly employer frets against the destroyer,
Fearing he is paying labor for a rainy day.
So they go in all the dominion below,
The evils of life inversely swell;
While in the regions above the reverse is love,
And good is increased for those who do well.

CHAPTER 30

Avary Montis, step forth;
You lost by the breadth of a hair;
You did good work and added no wrong,
But you did it because for self-love you did care.

Your punishment shall be in silence,
To carry and bear a load,
In the service of your enemy forever;
If you move or go unbidden, you get a goad.
Perhaps you will carry water,
To those who think they are hot,
And when they see it, they want a drink;
It makes them a great deal hotter
To pour it out before them;
Though the water is imaginary, it makes them think.
The spirit is intense
According to the lives they did live;
And you are to play around the edge,
And annoy those who saw need, and would not give;
Their conscience then told them to,
And their selfishness overweighed;
Now conscience tries to lift the selfish load,
And to give they would,
But by impotence their hand is stayed.
Since in yonder world you feared a call would come
For labor when they had not the hire,
So here you have stored this fear,
Of working without pay; that is your fire.
To a bawdy house go as you did in life,
And see beautiful women scantily clad;
Your passion can imagine great heat,
But no measure of relief can be had;
The women in the flame of their lust and shame,
Cannot cease their trade to ply;
They are burned in the fires of their own desires.
Still they cannot cease to fry.

The official who sold his office for favor,
By securing the appointment of a friend,
When better men were waiting for hire,
His fear will eat upon him through the night,
As he sees shallow flatterers secure the end,
He seeks for good men; that stirs his ire.

The physican who betrays his patient to drugs,
Is dying in fear of pain,
Lest some other physician take his place,
And collects his dishonest gain.

The murderer fears the face of the victim,
He despatched before its time;
He even sees the bloody shirt;
While the laws connive to add punishment,
To his labors in grime,
While he thinks he eats filth and dirt.

The loafer who spends his time in ease,
Neglecting all that he might do,
Is floating as foam on a sea of disease,
Hating the odor and exposure put to.

The robber imagines himself being robbed,
Of the things he loves while he toils,
He plans to escape and revenge;
His remorse is made hot by the dragon foils.

The lecherous man who seducement planned,
And in life would virtue foul,
Has his labors increased where all hope is deceased,
And he can only lie to himself, and howl.

The liar lies, and in humiliation sees,
That his lies do not deceive,
As all these other liars know,
No liar about anything to believe.

Now Avary, in all of your work,
It is your place to contrive,
To put everything where it cannot be reached,
And thwart them as they connive.

Rol Klammer, my lad, you made good;
Your sins, though original, were paid,

By Him on whom your love leaned;
For happiness your little cup was made.

Simp Montis, you nearly lost the race,
And would have but for location;
A greater evil than your own overshadowed you,
And you fled to another vocation.
The Counsel intervenes for you,
With a credit paid in blood,
Which overweighs every transgression,
And you have a measure of good.

Jack Logan, you lose by a margin;
You should have won a crown,
But selfishness, together with affinity
For dishonest gain pulled you down.
While you committed no act of a criminal,
Still you longed for something they got;
And this shaped your soul to serve,
As your wish has cast your lot.
You shall have charge of punishing
Those you would have liked to have been;
Thus you afflict your devotion in mind,
As you add the sting to other men.

Ben Gowing, you are a man of love;
Your work was never finished,
But the good you did kept moving on,
And great evil in your day was diminished.
Your ways were the ways of the mighty;
You made war against the strong;
You have added happiness and much good will,
By your battle against the wrong.
Much pleasure is added to your face,
By the friends you helped to bring,
And no doubt you have much joy,
In their music as they sing;
Your Counselor will esteem you worthy,
And much pleasure in your concord;

The truth you know will continue to grow,
As you learn the magic word;
The wonders of heaven so extensive,
You shall take a measure of good,
And though you shuffle and scuffle for mastery,
You could not grasp it all if you would.
Ben, make heaven your own;
You have a great sphere to compass;
You might have had more, but you took it easy,
But think no more of that, alas!

Cary Montis, you had a hard fight,
And you almost lost your future,
Only a Savior's mercy kept you up;
All for marrying your carnal nature.
You left your home and family,
Without preparing for your day,
And fell with other careless people,
And everything but your birthright passed away;
You lost your life's influence and labor,
And would have lost your oldest son,
Only another virtue picked him up,
After the work of hell had begun.
For all of your careless living,
Your home is not large you see,
As you made no preparation,
For things as they might be;
While you have only a little,
You never had any more;
So if you had much without earning,
The extra would be a bore.
Your place equals your preparation,
And you are balanced in your bliss,
So not a great light strikes you;
But you are used to such as this.

Absul Montis, you came here,
With a great load on your account,
And to pay the last farthing is the sentence,

With the interest on the amount.
You seek a place and a kingdom,
And where you go there is power,
But you shall sweat fire in the endeavor,
And from the lash you never cower.
Your spirit is built for endurance;
Indeed, you wound yourself up tight;
And now for the work in hand,
You will need all your might.
No peace, no rest, no kindliness;
You never wanted them over there;
Here you shall feel their need,
But such things do not come here;
The throne of the kingdom is held,
By a mightier hand than yours,
And more jealous than you of his power;
He will have joy when you he injures;
He will make you his lieutenant,
And set his dragon to hound you on;
Mocking for the authority which you love,
When you order nothing is done.
Such is your place of punishment,
And the interest you do well to pay;
So the principal remains intact,
To keep you working every day.
When you labor with all your effort,
In the thing you like least to do,
If you slack and show less effort,
Down a dragon will thrust you;
The things you like the best,
Are the things you least can do;
And what you hate most, as cooking,
Will be the job assigned to you.
When you do the thing least you like,
And persist when you would not,
Then is your burden lessened,
But you cannot stay at the top of the pot.
You heaped yourself so gross a load,
That the weight will hold you down;

And though you hate the place you go,
That is where your best service is found.
You are set to bucking a line,
Where you render service outside,
And though you might try to escape,
Your enemies' spears are against your hide;
What you would do you cannot,
And what you must do you hate;
When you work and settle a bit,
You are moved to another estate.
Death, a thing in life you hated,
Here you love the thought,
But by hating death in life,
The evils you now hate you bought;
You enjoyed hating your enemies in life,
Now it burns you like fire;
The things you might have loved, but hated,
You see shining like a star;
The good things you might have won
In the world are ever in sight;
And the evil to remind you of your choice,
Ceases never your soul to bite.
Thus to labor, and repay,
Is the work you are set to do,
And if your payments are not made in haste,
You are returned to begin anew.
After hell on hell, and age on age,
You finally exhaust your aim,
Satan takes your depleted self,
And binds it to his fame.

David Humbert and Ruth Klammer,
Your tickets are added together;
Your joy shall be full of all you wish,
Of every clime and weather.
You may choose your own reward,
Of all that heaven possesses,
Your services are glorious and true;
You will be held in high regard,

Increasing as your happiness progresses,
As all souls will be glad to love and serve you.
When you see a mansion where you wish to live,
Go in and make yourself at home;
Your beauty and worth are written on your face;
No one in heaven but will welcome give,
And sorrow when your hour of departure shall come;
You are credited with unlimited grace.

Your presence at all places will add glory,
And happiness to all who are therein;
There will be gladness in all faces at your story,
And your message will all honor commend.

If you wish to live alone,
Your mansion will be prepared;
Your power with the King is as one,
And no expense will be spared;
You may go to the land of eternal snow,
And feel not a touch of cold;
You may go to the place where heat is white,
And know it not unless you be told.
There are gorgeous sleighs and tinkling bells,
In the distance far across space;
Just make your wish known to light,
By the smile upon your face;
A few minutes and you are there,
With the blessed of every race;
Sleighing and sailing through love,
At a fast, or at a slow pace.

CHAPTER 30.

David:
Great cascades of ice and snow,
On which we may slake our thirst,
For emotions of gliding and sailing,
As we forget the worldly things accursed.
Let us sit here and review the struggles of our souls,
To reach heaven and see its glory;

When we were beset and discouraged,
Then we heeded the infinite story.
Our patience was tried and we won,
But we could not see why we were hurt;
Our faith held out, and now to satisfy,
We shall all our emotions assort.

It is said the meek are blessed;
Let us see why that is so,
As we could not see it through the glass darkly,
But now with light we shall know.

That woman waited with a mind and faith,
And hoped that her meekness would pay;
She did not trust a broken reed,
As power accumulated on her way;
As that power rose to greater height,
She wound up her soul to win;
First thing she knew she had overcome,
By the strength swelling up within.

This is heaven, isn't it, to sit and see
The ones we loved come through?
Though it happened in life, we did not know,
And now to us it is new.

There is my friend I almost doubted,
And feared he would soon fail;
But I did not flinch, and he won out,
And here it is more joy in our sail;
He was honest all the while, and fought hard,
But he had enemies trying to push him down;
They told many lies, and sometimes I was confused;
I had to smile through many a frown;
As his friends went back on him one by one,
He had his back to the wall;
He fought his fight all alone,
Never looking for a place to fall;
He would not stop to deny a lie,

And frequently honest men would believe,
Because they thought if not true he should deny,
So they added their strength to deceive.

He was meek and never railed;
He was pure, for he smiled when hard hit;
Anything but a solid man would have failed,
And his fault would have growled and bit.

At school he would rather endure reproach,
Than mix up in brawl;
But he had no fear if right to others
Could be secured, even if he did fall.
He worked hard for the merits,
And saddened when he lost;
I knew the next time to win I must fight,
I could see him counting the cost.
When he finished and set to work,
He was always easy to impose on;
John Mark had such a trusting nature,
He would see a hook and he was gone.
He did not sour then, and seek revenge,
He seemed to mark the other fellow down;
The next time he had lost some faith,
And would not any more be a clown;
He treated them just as if nothing had happened,
He covered the loss with his soul;
That made them wince, they knew,
They had fastened to one they could not tole.
Thus he began building up opposition,
Of those who thought him vulnerable to attack;
Unconsciously they got to hating him,
And never thought of the cause they might lack.
I think those boys all had their own measure,
And were seeking in some way to find his;
They got to revolving around him,
Losing sight of other centers; such life, is.

This thing accumulated with the years;
He went into business, and played fair;
Depending on his energy and service to win,
All things for which he might care;
The circle of enemies about him,
Stopped ingress of much of his good;
So that he began to be in trouble,
But fighting harder was his mood.
I knew him and saw how he was fighting,
And quietly slipped him a little boot;
Talk about making a loyal friend quickly;
He advertised me as a trump for every suit.
His enemies tried to add me to his lot,
Which I did not join on my part;
Simply sitting still and waiting,
Knowing sometime they would lose heart.
I spread the news quietly where he needed help,
Above what I could conveniently give,
And shortly they were all discredited,
And he came to the top, a man fit to live.

Their circle broke, and each blamed the other,
For leading him to believe a lie;
The truth is they were all liars in part,
Becoming a whole when together they tie.

After that he drew a great dominion;
His friends became solid as stones;
Being of the best, he drew the best to him,
Repelling the cheaters and drones.
My little act in helping him,
Though I expected no return,
Drew me in deeper and deeper,
And I got a big reward I did not earn.
How could I keep it? there was no other,
For it to light upon in the way;
His enemies set the power in motion,
And my reward came out of their day.

Few understand the conditions,
Against which they seek to push ahead,
And by diverting their energies into by-ways,
They frequently boost their enemy instead.
That is why we should avoid enmity,
Though we understood it not at the time;
The force that we thrust an enemy,
More likely reacts to leave us behind.
After he had gotten possession,
He began to spread and grow;
Growing then on the efforts of subordinates,
On whom he selects the duties to throw.
He was cautious to not develop too fast;
As he goes out he concentrates at the hub,
And makes ready with credit to cast,
To insure that his machine will stand up.

Are not those beautiful palaces?
Built of that cold honesty some call pride;
Clear as crystal and hard as flint,
But inside it is soft and delicate, and wide.
Beautiful bubbling fountains,
Of the water of the life they spent;
They come here to find it flowing,
As from the earth it was sent;
Wonderful tapestries of duty done,
Hang by their windows and walls;
If they had failed to keep full faith,
Those tapestries would lack a lot of gems and balls;
The alms they did hang like jeweled shades,
Over their windows and doors;
All set with diamonds and pearls,
According to their labors and chores.

They are lighted by the truth they knew,
And practiced before they came;
It probably felt like a duty then,
But they enjoy it now just the same;
Some wonderful rugs of service,

Made soft by their sweat and worry;
They did not have time for such over there,
But here they have less hurry.
The robes they wear, and jewels,
All won in an honest hour;
They are meek and full of sweetness,
And you would not think they possessed such power.
Their chariots and things of motion,
See them move with grace at a touch;
No noise or evidence of action,
Save the speed, as they move much.

I wonder who owns that mansion?
Likely it is the father of the land;
Perhaps some widow with children,
Who fought and saved her little band.
Let us go in and get acquainted,
And hear their music and fun;
They seem to have a lot of friends;
As some leave, others continue to come.
His name is William Helper,
Who lived on a little farm;
He was always ready to do good,
Or shield some innocent from harm.
His neighbors of old are visiting now,
And just as grateful for his good;
They loved him then as they love him now,
Would not have him less if they could.
It is the delight of the ages,
To make friends and learn of him;
He will stay here as he loves to,
To receive and care for them.

CHAPTER 31

David:
Let us ride on that thing like an escalator,
To the top of that mountain peak,
And view all the things about,
The eye may chance to meet;

The ice and snow are so beautiful;
So rugged and bleak and cold,
While we are so warm and comfortable,
The contrast makes us bold.
The snow and ice form great grottos,
Where we can play and sing;
Such a wonderful place for an opera;
Let's put on the Ice King:

I

He wooed and wed the Sunshine,
And after he had made her his own,
She melted his heart and it ran away,
And she fell heir to his throne;
The crown she wore in sadness,
Until her son was born,
Who was so much like his father,
For his father she continued to mourn.
She dreamed if she would weep her tears,
By the side of a flower in the ice,
They would freeze and unite her lost love,
To her again through sacrifice;
On awaking her heart was so glad,
Her eyes overflowed in a stream;
She hastened to a spot on the ice,
As directed by her goddess of dream.

There was a beautiful snow-white lily,
And she warmed it with her tears,
And as it floated to move away,
She grasped it and fled with the years.
I will save my son for the Queen of Snow,
And Blizzard shall be his name;—
Oh, here is my dear, dear husband;
I felt him before he came.

We will have a celebration,
To honor your happy return,
And let our son and the Snow Queen,
Dance over mountain and farm.

We will invite the white bear and the musk ox,
To show us their cumbersome skill;
While the reindeer, the ermine, and the fox,
Will show how to evade those who kill;
We shall then have a duet of winter,
Sung by the Breeze and the Brae;
And a solo by the Goddess of Storm,
Whose fear stabs all in her way.

The orchestra of Summer sleeping,
Under their bed of snow,
Invite us to remain for their coming,
But methinks if they come we will go.
If the song birds of the north come feeding,
We will serve them the sweets of the land,
As we will not stay for their breeding,
Lest they think we both understand.
They know I smile on their success,
But they think thou art not a friend;
As they look at your long white whiskers,
They shiver rush prayers for me to send.
I raise your coat, relenting,
Knowing they expect so much,
But when they forget and go chanting,
I turn and you give them another touch.
Some of them follow me like the evening;
If I go far away I see their haste,
As they pass the highest promontories,
Trying to keep my arm around their waist.
They love me, those dear little creatures,
And I would not hurt them for aye,
But sometimes they get very careless;
When your foot hits them they stay.

Dear, do you know the song of the willow,
As he hums and weeps by the stream;
Long sighs of relief at your going,
And happiness again in the spring?
The willow is weeping for the mosses,

That cling so low on the bank:
Suppose if the snow ever crosses,
I can see moss drown where it sank.

Then there is the tale of the chip-monk,
As he chips and chips on a log;
Do you know why so much chipping?
He boasts of beating winter, the little hog.

The humming birds hum in the summer,
But where do they go when you come?
They fear you; in soft little whispers,
They say when you come they stay home.
All the little peas and beans run to cover,
When they hear the first blast of your horn;
They think you are hunting them,
And they hide in the dark and pray for morn;
I hear their prayers and lamentation,
Though I pretend to turn my back,
Yet my heart reaches out to them yearning,
When they are covered I watch their track.
Some of the tropical weeds get naughty,
When they hear about your hard heart;
They curse you for all creation,
And threaten to impale you on their dart.

II

I am the Snow Queen,
I scatter my locks over hill and dale and fen;
I clothe the earth with a coat of mirth,
When I let my mantle fall;
I reach over the valleys,
And touch every blade of grass and flower to be seen;
I cover the hill, the barn and mill;
Children are glad when they hear me call.

I whisper to the flowers,
Where they sleep in their soft downy bed,
So sweet and cozy, cheeks blooming rosy,

And tell them sweet things to dream;
How on the hair of a maiden,
They will recline, with cheeks so red,
Wearing a diamond ring, as they frolic and sing,
And go sailing on a crystal stream.

I cuddle the dear kiddies,
And put them to sleep in each other's arms,
As happy and free as a bird in a tree,
As they cuddle the whole night long;
They dream of the morning,
When they can play on my bosom without harm;
Each girl and boy will shout with joy,
When they see me, and hear my song.

III

My name is Blizzard;
I reign, but no water falls;
I sigh, but nobody calls;
I rush in haste, and make great waste,
And seek to amend no deeds;
What care I for fields and friends?
I come no more when winter ends,
So let the fields bear the weeds.

I force the farmer to hide his stock,
And the beasts to hide their young,
If they leave it out when I am about,
I will put silence on the tongue;
My heart is not wise, nor of great size,
But it is built of things that are strong;
I will shout that I came to make a name,
And I must hurry for I cannot stay long.

My time is short, I cannot wait;
My heart is small, I carry no hate,
If I hurt you it is just a chance;
If you are wise, let prudence guide,
And find yourself a safe place to hide,
When I hurry out to do my dance.

IV

My name is Rain, I came to wet,
And wet is the place I leave;
My work is long, and is done in calm,
So my friends may promptly receive;
When Spring comes on I take great pride,
In the message I have for life,
Without me you can readily see,
Ice King might as well have no wife.

Their babe could never turn over,
And start on its way to light,
Were it not for me to wake it and see,
It is dressed and started right;
After it starts I nurse it still,
Looking after all needs of its face;
It could have spoon, cup and milk,
But I must put it to the place;
After it is up and moving on,
I have to keep it moving;
It never takes another step,
Unless I am behind it shoving.

V

I am the wind and I came to work,
But no one left work for me to do,
I will get busy and do my best,
Any work I can find I'll put through;
I move the rain from place to place,
And I often get on a spree,
I blow the farmer's fences down,
And try to wreck his apple tree;
I move everything before my face,
Whether or not they would have it so,
And take my pay from day to day,
In the distance I have to go.

VI

I am Spring, and I came to call,
All the vegetables to arise;

Put on your lively coat of green,
Get the clinkers out of your eyes;
When I call it is time to move;
Though you sometimes beat me out,
If Winter catches you out you know,
He chastises you for being about;
Prepare in haste, your time is short,
As the light waves are rolling in;
Unless you launch out at the start,
You may get caught in vegetable sin;
Drink your meed of heat and air,
And don your brightest smile,
As Summer is knocking at the door,
And your patience will be put on trial.

VII

I am Summer, I came to fight;
I do my work a dashing;
I come to you and rush you through,
And mend and do your washing.
If Spring has failed to get you out,
That is no fault of mine;
I want to hear a cheerful shout,
And move on to fulness fine;
I bring you a measure of energy,
And cram it in your throat;
Hold it against Winter's misery,
And prepare your heavy coat;
With Autumn I leave you,
As my time is up,
And I hear the call of fate;
Make ready with your deeds,
Of value or weeds;
Autumn leads you through the gate.

VIII

Come to me, my dears, I am your friend,
And will prepare you for your bed;
Your time is not long, Your frolic and song,

Will be silent, and you sleep instead.
Close your eyes and seal your mind,
Against the assault of Winter's hate,
And heed not a call from him;
If you open your eye it's too late;
Winter is striving to catch you,
And if you listen to him you are gone;
He keeps a record of the buds,
He is able to set his death mark on.
Sleep my children of Springtime,
That Summer brought to me,
And may sweet dreams hold you,
Until Spring's voice awaken thee;
Heed not to Winter's calling,
As he saves a slap for your face,
And seeks to mar your beauty,
If you stir from your resting place.

IX

I am Winter, and with my scythe,
I will slay all things that grow;
I hang my mantle on their perch,
And sit on their chest and crow;
Brrrr, I have no patience with folks;
Like Spring and Summer and Fall;
If I can I'll cut their work off,
And stop them, root, branch, and all;
I'll help them do something worth while,
Such as cover the seas with ice;
I would freeze the life out of things;
Kill off this green stuff, is my advice.
Queen Sunshine comes, I had better hush,
She likes not to hear me talk;
I'll try all living things to crush,
As over the land I walk.

X

Our next number is a quartet,
And when you have heard it through,

You will want an encore, or more;
That is the way humans do.

I spring and soar, and fall and die,
But I never die quite dead;
They call me a Year, I don't know why;
My night moves on, by day is led.
Some count their lives by the space they're awake;
Others, as the rocks, begin to live when they die;
But I measure mine when to space I take,
And time dies when I cease to fly;
My day and my night when finished,
Added together, the two make one;
On the dark side of this day I put all to be punished;
The good are rewarded by the light, for service done;
On this day when stretched out and hung up on space,
May be read the record of things, including man;
Together with the preparation of his race,
To the end, from the time it began;
I am born in the siege of hot gases;
As I cool off I concentrate my weight,
Begin adding and squaring my stresses;
At the point of fixation is set a date.
From that time on I lay up treasure,
For all units which are worthy the race;
I store water and coal to a measure,
As well as oil and iron in their own place;
After a period of gestation,
A lot of flap dragons and reptiles come;
I keep them in moist heat, as their reputation,
Will not bear the full light of the sun.
From the first union in this chase to the goal,
There is an eye of wisdom to direct;
Laying the foundation for a man, or a soul,
When "It is finished" is given, it is correct;
Up to that time is the noon-tide,
And during the decline of the day,
The Maker finds a place to hide,
To observe His creatures make their way.

They are an ugly lot in some part;
Each one stakes off the whole field;
They fight, commencing each with a dart,
And as they learn they all get a shield.

XI

Year:
You idlers should help me sing;
You throw all the load on a year;
While I lead, you do something;
You sing there, while I sing here.

I build a place of small domain,
For many things that are small;
But great ambition to attain,
I erect a canopy tall;
I build a mansion for true love;
To fit it, all beauties I combine;
Love works to recreate and set above,
Worthies who are fallen out of line;
I set ambition to guard the gate,
With a mind to please the queen;
While love rules over ambition's estate,
The heart of love is seldom seen;
The arts are her maidens at hand,
To add perfection to a feeling of rest;
Though nothing is good enough in the land,
She receives the least without request;
Hate is a thing that love never fears,
Though it rages along her way;
She pleads for it and adds to its years,
But hate never stops to repay.
To the eyes of love I add beauty,
By making all things thus to appear;
She sees the good and sets it to duty,
Removing the stain of a hateful tear.
I have a jail for those who fail,
And through hate refuse to remount;
After they tell love a false tale,

I confine them where they recount;
Thus I preserve in the knowledge of man,
The best to the service of the good;
Allowing the worst to dissipate, if they can,
Relieving me of a great big load.

XII

Ice King wishes to sing a solo;
I will tell you where I serve;
When a man's ambition would too far go,
I set him in ice to preserve;
At the time when he compasses the right,
That is when I freeze him hard,
So that the future can see his flight,
Admiring in their great regard;
I fix them all as they would pass,
The domain where I hold forth;
I bind them so tight in their mass,
Their ambition never gives birth.
I take the ruler who would rule too much,
And unrule his ruling quality;
I seize his subjects who freeze at my touch,
And sever him from authority.
I would freeze the music of the sphere,
If it sought to violate my path;
I would stop the rambling of the Year,
If he engaged me in my wrath;
I rule at the bottom of the law,
The last along my line;
I stop stragglers and fill them with awe,
And set them in confine.
I rule in my place to the end of all space;
No light dares to cross my bound;
What I cannot hold I hurl back with my face;
No other rules where I am crowned.

XIII

Chorus:
We are attributes of the Infinite;

We all speak what we know;
All who love us, we love too, and invite;
Hate us, and you cease to grow;
We rule in time and space and motion;
Everything is under our sway;
At the center we have a great King,
Whose authority we all obey;
We rule by right; we rule by might;
We rule with a will all our own;
We list, we slight, withdraw or fight,
According to duty well done;
We sail the seas of perfect ease;
We know no law but the will;
We cause disease, if so we please;
To make alive, or to kill;
We cause the waves to shake, and the earth to quake,
To clinch our duty and hold;
We create a renown, or overthrow a crown;
In our modesty, we are bold.

XIV

Gravitation speaks his duties back,
As he stands on the rim of effort;
Strength King Energy sends, and use lack,
I return to its place in his court;
I hold the rambling nose of the comet down,
So that it be not lost in space;
I thrust the meteor to the mark it has found,
Stopping its drifts from place to place;
I hold the planets in their sphere,
Bound each one to his sun;
And I hold the satellites there,
Until their work is done;
I hold the atom against the light,
And give it the weight it has;
Without me its power would take flight;
And the day of the atom would pass;
I hold the living above the dead,
In their terrible grim battle for life;

When they are struggling to get ahead,
I hold the baser at the bottom of strife;
I hold solar motion to its course,
Like millions of balls in a pool;
They may rush and speed, and fill their need,
But they cannot escape my rule.
Out here I stand, viewing a pageant grand,
As the galaxy hurls it splendor out;
I hear the noise, but never lose my poise,
And send them an echo for every shout.
In the final day of a sun's array,
With the energy last to come forward,
I return to that sun when its work is done,
All the planets it is carrying onward;
The energy stored in the atom hoard,
Makes a great conflagration;
And the sun renews on receipt of its dues,
To a larger preparation.

XV

I am Morning, you all know me,
And this Evening is my sister;
We work at the time and place of day,
When no soft skin will blister.
After hearing these big people sing,
I know you'll love our ditty,
We bring you a smile or anything,
We find will serve in our pity.
I love to find you up when I come,
Smiling and happy, waiting just for me;
When I see your jolly face and home,
I know what kind of a day it will be;
I send the dew, and a cool breeze too,
To finish the last of your snooze;
I make you feel cool and wonderful,
And I give you an hour to muse;
When I come with the dawn I urge you on,
To a day of service to your love;
With my blessing so free you are sure to be,

As comely in your way as a dove;
I am cupid to you when there is mating to do,
With Sister we make happiness fast;
Love may be blind, but we have a mind,
To tie you to hold until the last.

Brother and I control the day,
I finish what he begins;
I plant little wishes in your mind,
So you dream of what he sends;
I make you to have a longing,
For the maid or man you choose;
I plant and Morning waters it,
And together we never lose.
I choose a wise ambition,
To set you for a goal;
You dream and see the vision,
I write upon your soul;
Morning makes you love it;
The seed begins to grow;
While this seed is budding,
Other good things I will sew;
I sew your life with loveliness,
If you obey the divine law;
And your dream will bring happiness,
When you remember what you saw;

Thus I scatter the sweetest blessings,
Over all parts of the land,
And when it is watered and growing,
You love it and let it stand;
In a maiden's heart I sew flowers;
In a man's the love of the beautiful;
He is drawn to her by the bowers,
And is held by her love of the dutiful;
I sew the love for a dear baby,
In every good woman's heart;
When Morning has added a blessing,
Her wish will not depart.

XVI

Time:
Time comes and goes, yet still here it stays,
That is why I see so much;
Nothing can happen without my note,
Or feeling my searching touch.
When energy first began to move,
I had the hour of my beginning;
And cease I cannot to make record,
Of deeds, whether serving, or sinning.
I have been here since the Creator,
Crossed the finite border and worked,
And all of his acts of peace or war,
I have duly recorded and marked.
I am not interested in the outcome;
I care not who wins the fight;
All I do is keep all the records true,
And let them exert their might.
My record reaches to all ages,
And covers all spaces too;
At all places where action rages,
I have recording to do.

XVII.

I am space, and I contain evil,
As well as the place for good;
I would as soon they dwell together;
Such is my aim if they could;
I take no interest in proceedings,
Whether vicious, moderate, or calm;
I can hold each to the point of action;
If they fight or love, I have no qualm.

XVIII

I am Energy; of me all things are made;
Without me everything would cease;
I made every step of every land and trade;
Through me alone time and space increase;
The record shows the universe grows;

I push gravitation back;
Therefore you see, were it not for me,
The growth of all things would lack.

XIX

I am Magnetism:
The String for Energy's bow;
I hold the motion he brings;
And when our work does fully show,
The product of effort sings;
When Energy works, I go along,
And when he begins to near his goal,
I fix it by the pitch of my song;
We made the iron and the coal;
We anchor the frost on the window pane,
And the clouds from where the raindrops fall;
We produce the rainbow out of the rain,
And a falling mass into a ball;
We work for the love of working;
We never labor without reward;
We collect, and our collecting,
Will cease not to hold while we stand guard.

XX

I am Order, and but for my work,
No labor would carry very far;
As danger to labors of the right hand lurk,
In the destructiveness of the left hand's war;
I balance many spheres against a sphere,
And shape the course of their going;
I set the ratio of reproduction,
And name the season for sewing;
I fix the length of the day and the year;
I determine the seasons that come and go;
I arrange the ropes that anchor the seas;
I set the limit of the tides, high and low;
I designed the shape and color of the rose,
And the length of its fragrant flavor;
I arrange the direction effort goes;

I ordered the smile as a favor;
The key to my work is true love;
All things that are under her sway,
Are ordered by my will to move;
Thus heaven comes true in a day.
With evil and rebellion I have no part;
When my orders are not obeyed,
I let the disobedient fail at heart;
They fall to a place and are stayed;
I match the lawless against lawless,
And weigh them for their full worth;
And let them abide, without flawless,
Within they're of all order dearth.
I am book-keeper of the realm;
I serve with most infinite care;
My office is close to the helm;
Least to greatest my orders bear;
I am of the infinite house;
In the entity of God I hold my faith;
His will permeates through me out;
I repeat to the universe what He saith.

XXI

Hark! The voice from across the depth;
Who speaketh from the pit of hell?
I am Satan, I raise my voice,
My greatest ambition to tell:
I set order in disorder,
Where I find it below my strength;
I conquer all who stand alone,
Without God's helping hand at length;
I rule the realms of all wilful perversity;
Beware of having your own selfish way;
If you separate yourself from the Infinite house,
You are mine when you leave the light of day;
I rule in the night of all being;
Of all darkness I am king;
I am the ruler of all dark thoughts;
And of every hidden thing.

Order can be established only,
By overcoming my disorder,
Because I am closest to order,
Furthest from the infinite border.
I hold the office of death,
And all the living owe me;
I bought their ancestral breath,
And hold them as mine to be.
My rule shall prevail over men,
Throughout all places and ages;
I will collect their souls of them,
To adorn my fiendish cages;
I will plant desire in their blood,
To live my life and ways,
By filling them with selfishness;
Polluting all their days;
I will graft my will on their sight,
And make my kingdom grow;
Through all of the infernal night,
My fiendish works I'll sew.

XXII

I am Hate, I speak from the damned,
To all the creation wide;
I take the shattered fruits of love,
And scourge it and make it hide;
I strive to break down her sanctuary,
And think nothing of cursing;
I seek to destroy order everywhere,
And stop her babe from nursing;
I plant distrust in the hearts of all men,
And add jealousy to their sin,
I set order against order, and class against class,
So disorders may have a chance to begin;
I use anything in my house of plunder;
Suspicion is a weed I sew;
I tattle and lie, no opportunity gets by,
Wherever I have a chance to make mischief grow;
I live in the region of the damned,

To torment them and make them fight;
I enjoy nothing more than war to death,
And hate nothing more than doing right.

XXIII

I am the Moon, and sit on the gravity,
Of the planet to which I am hitched apart;
I fix the balance, and stop depravity,
And help at maintaining a tune in the heart,
By making the walls of life's cells thick enough,
To overcome the vices as we cross the gulf.
I hold my courses over the tides;
As I raise a billow in the air and sea;
I lift life's burden some on the land,
Giving the buds a small bit more room to be;
I am king over the little things;
My authority does not reach very far,
But the little things would mar all life,
Were no preparation made their way to bar.
An erring spirit that reaches too far,
In its dream of all order to escape,
Gets caught in my grasp, and I pull it in,
And hold it against the day of its rape.

XXIV

I am Truth; My words are law;
Though my ways are friendly and benign;
My might is above Satan's awe,
And I will redeem the righteous line;
I will plant myself in the heart of the race,
And grow out of their lives like unto a vine;
Wrestling with disorder for power and place,
I will overcome, and rise to the divine;
My arms shall reach out until the earth,
They fill full to the overflowing;
My strength shall cease not to prove its worth,
Nor shall my kingdom slack in growing;
All disorder shall be sunken down,

And become food for the roots of battle;
The fruits of mirth shall fill the earth;
The voice of evil shall cease to prattle.

XXV

Love:
My love reaches out as a mother's arms,
All order to fill and bless;
I live in hope, under the wings of peace;
All life I kiss and caress;
I fondle the babes before they are born,
And feed them at my fountain;
I dream their vision of great estate,
And help them climb the mountain;
The impulse of life hastens to me for care,
Wonderful things of tiny motion;
I take it to my bosom and nurse it there,
Under the wings of my devotion;
My abiding place is between the rocks,
Where life is cast up for growing;
I find the young and shape its destiny,
And shield it from hateful sewing;
From my breast all living draw their life;
And build their castles close to my heart;
All the brave choose me to be their wife,
And worthies pay homage to my part.

XXVI

Chorus:
All voices sing and praise our King,
Who rules by the power of His love;
With one accord, obey His word,
And maintain Him forever above;
Let all lips bow, His hand to kiss;
We praise Him for His beauty;
Through the eternal realm of bliss,
To serve Him is our duty.
When Satan plans to mischief make,
When we meet at the hollow wake,

Hold fast to Truth, hold fast to Truth,
Satan's deceit is fine;
Be not deceived by his mistake,
He has to live in the hot lake;
The hollow wake, the hollow wake,
The hollow wake decline.

XXVII

I am Virtue, I speak with a tender voice;
My name, my fame, you see and hear, are on every tongue;
I should never want to drink the dregs by choice;
If I fall, that is all, soon my glory is all gone;
My work is to save the essence that flows from life;
If I am bold, it cannot hold, and I lose my taste;
If I am selected by courage for wife;
His hold is fast, virtue will last, and nothing we waste.
It is horror if I be caught in the lap of lust;
I am burned, I am spurned, and all my days become dark;
If I fall for a common lecherous thrust,
I may tell I am well, but virtue is fed to a shark;
If I hold forth the victor, and fail to mate,
Then I am bought when I am caught in the spinster net;
I wager my dominion for a babe from fate;
Am I hot? I am not; I labor while time is yet.
You may say me nay the way I choose to go;
I have right, I have might, I have prepared for the day;
I stretch my hand to God, will He not mercy show?
I have face, I have grace, His message to obey.
Why should man sneer at the good I seek to do?
I am not rude; no, I am good, I wish to remain;
If I be neglected and no one thinks me true,
Shall I die, in death lie, and all my seed contain?
Turn ye finger of scorn, point the other way!
I'll sit tight, I will fight, and prove the stone is cast,
By those with less honor than the one they say nay;
I am best, I will rest, on my courage to the last.

XXVIII

My name is pride, I fear no fall;
May my head never be held less high;

I feel the glory of my hour;
I pluck opportunity when nigh;
I care not so much for Virtue;
She banks too much on herself;
I bank on my reputation,
And I have an eye for pelf;
I advertise my possessions,
No matter what be their form,
I will find a way to show them;
I change a man to a worm;
I can put on my silk stockings,
And diamonds on my hand,
With a few more in my brooches,
And turn all heads in the land;
While frumps are playing with duty,
I am angling with a handsome knee;
Unlock the gate and let me in,
I will show how maidens should be.

. . . . . .

Alas, we cannot let you in;
You did not possess the price;
All your friends are absent here,
And we don't need your advice.

XXIX

I am Life, I live with the living;
When death comes I make my escape;
I seek to save the lost everywhere,
And have often been the victim of rape;
Wherever I find matter still a living,
I seek to bring it under order's domain;
I begin some animal or plant moving,
To add as much order as it will contain;
Keep them spreading and growing toward a whole;
Some living I lay by for the future;
At last it enters the services of a soul;
Thus I save all broken power drifting,
As well as new effort to control;

Always sorting and proving and sifting,
So my work the Master will extol.

XXX

Sunshine is waking all the buds from repose;
We will join in a chorus farewell,
And leave our blessing on the lily,
And a kiss of good-bye for the rose;
Another message we will leave for the bee to tell,
While as cupid he enjoys their hospitality.
Little insects and breezes carry the message;
Tell the flowers that dwell far-apart,
How their mate of another mansion,
Is pining for your love to assuage;
And return with a message of an aching heart,
To start in another flower love's expansion.
Dew drop will be in the kindness of morning;
The breezes of evening from the sea;
Life makes happiness of days prolong;
The Show Queen will no more be scorning;
With scheming Spring is dreaming of the laughter to be;
We are all leaving with you our blessing in song.

CHAPTER 32

David:
We have been a long time enchanting;
Let us go to a place of much calm;
Such as we find in tropics sublime,
Where we can rest under the palm.

In passing, let us view the great concourse,
How the great and the small are content;
If the small had more it would bring remorse;
If the great had less they would invent.

Such palisades of mountain grandeur,
Rising tier on tier they mount so high;
Some people dwell on the top-most;
For scenic beauty they sigh;

Some have their castles lodged in a crevice,
Having gracious chuting planes to ascend and descend,
Mounted on a curious transcendental device,
Associated with other mysterious fixtures without end.
Such people love to have visitors come,
To marvel at their skill to contrive;
They go in great numbers and hear them intone,
But not many at an understanding arrive.

Some build great mansions of wideness,
Close to the river of life,
Where they plant trees and vines at their side;
Some with visitors thronged; another alone with his wife
Wide stretches of plains and country,
Teeming with life and joy;
The glories of heaven widen,
As recede the things that annoy;
Cities are full of good meaning,
As we pass them as comb teeth by the way;
Gold is as common as pavement,
Provided by crossing a gas with a ray;
Diamonds as large as a head-light,
May be had by enough bearing down;
Pressure gives them good quality,
While hell adds the power, with a frown.

It is not the sign of good breeding,
To make it hard on the damned,
Except by those who suffered great wrong,
Into whom a redress was crammed.

Great vines of clinging flowers,
Hang from the tiles and walls and cliffs,
Blooming from season to season,
Like billows along they drift.
Fruits of every variety,
Cover hills and valleys and field,
All free to all who want them;
A double portion the vineyards yield.

Hair and features of people,
Are all they could want them to be;
They wear clothes, or not, as they wish them;
No modesty, or immodesty, to see.
False standards of the imagination,
Were destroyed by the fire of the Judge;
People know what they see is real;
No one a neighbor's goods begrudge.
Long rows of palms like sentinels,
Stand guard before a palace in view;
Evidently the home of some conqueror,
Who brought to disorders their due;
Gardens of beautiful flowers,
All worked into designs by nature's hand,
Spelling the wishes of the owner,
Out to travelers passing through the land;
Wishing good will and a blessing;
Inviting all who will to call,
Assuring a welcome awaits you;
Music and dancing in the hall.

CHAPTER 33

David:
If you would like to play some more, dearie,
Perhaps you would like the Mocking Bird;
What a strange story he can tell;
Do you not know of the Cadence of Flowers?
The building of a leaf by nature done well,
How it arrived at a full estate;
That is a play worth remembering;
Or, how the flowers and birdies mate.
In the rocks we find history,
If you wish to read of their epitaph;
There is tragedy,—nature is full of it,
And enough comedy to make you laugh.

After we have commenced at the beginning,
And learned of matter up to date,
We can enjoy the present long enough;

Then take a lease on our future estate.
God will give us His blessing,
And send us forth on adventurous search;
Before returning again we may find,
A wonderful new creation,
So old, that nature is kind.

Perhaps there will be new fields to master;
Old hells so long burnt out,
That they may now be in jeopardy,
And need love to turn them about.
At any rate, there is plenty ahead,
For every kind of mind to engage;
If we go with the Infinite Cohorts,
And follow not the way of the dead;
But a ceaseless love against inanity wage.

. . . .

Oh, but my dream is breaking,
In the earth I catch my view;
I see I am still in the hammock;
Virginia, how do you do?

The toy we saw, Virginia,
Has fallen into disuse;
Like the people who live for selfish ends
And turn their talent to abuse;
The Master will withdraw His wisdom,
From those who only use their friends,
And turn it to the workers,
Who serve to advance the truth;
The vineyard shall be turned to those,
Who live to serve the right,
Whose will stands with their Maker,
In the orderly use of might;
Let us lay our lives down open,
Before the Master's face,
And anything therein He neglects,
Let us refuse it place;
So that we shall not be found wanting,
Associated with what He rejects.

CONCLUSION

We all know when planting,
A garden, or sewing grain,
What to expect the harvest;
What quality and quantity of gain;
We know if we sew poor ground,
The yield will be in accord;
We know if we fail to cultivate,
The tares will press the fruit hard.

Then why should we not know enough,
To cultivate the truth of our life?
A truthful balance, and rightful allowance,
We should know cannot live in strife;
We know that weeds will grow in the garden,
Where fruit is planted to grow;
We know that lies develop in like manner,
Unless we cultivate the truth we sew;
Therefore cultivate the truth in the heart;
Never think except as truth goes,
When a lie comes creeping in,
Pluck with your will before it grows.
The lie is the worst tare of the heart;
It provides shade for other weeds;
By making truth your gardener,
You destroy the food on which the tare feeds.

As we plant, we may easily prophesy,
What our harvest in life shall be;
If we mortgage our souls for job, or trade,
We are fools then, to think we are free;
If we allow tares of lust and greed,
To grow where honor and love should dwell,
How can we expect the fruits of heaven,
When we sew the tares of hell.

The strikes and mobs and bloodshed,
Are the fruits of some one's sewing;

The absent ballot, the seller, and prejudice,
Own the ground where these tares are growing.
The murders, rum selling, and vice,
Grow where people are looking for ease;
They drift into the rapids of want and need,
While disorder and violence become a disease.

Nature has provided a way to bring out the good,
By burning them in the fire of their own desire;
And all who err to believe lies for truth,
Shall be smothered in their ignorant mire.
Plant truth and cultivate it well,
And I will show you what it will grow:
There shall be love between parent and child;
You seek your kind of neighbor to know;
The ignorance that my neighbor's daughter,
And my son can do no wrong,
Will give way to enlightenment,
And truth be planted there before long.

Thus planting, endearing, and cultivating,
In the hearts of those we love the truth,
And by following the growing to harvest,
We reach the heaven of Ruth;
By neglect, and ignorant indulgence,
And cultivating prejudice and pride,
We plant the seed, and permit the greed,
That go where the Absuls abide.

Thou fool! When you cover your lie,
You are covering the seed for sin;
You are the planter of the tares;
Hoping foolishly your children will win.
If you would have children of success,
Be what you want them to be;
How can you expect them to have faith,
When you hide what you fear they may see?

I know the right is going to win;
I know it because it has the power;
I also know that every cowardly part,
Shall perish before that hour.
Up-root every ignoble thought,
And bear the torch of truth;
Hold fast, forsaking contrary things,
And you shall have eternal youth.

I. R. T.

THE INFINITE REIGNS IN THE TERRESTRIAL.

If you wish to live to the highest aim,
Subscribe to the following belief,
And keep the tryst with the Christ;
In all but your own heart you may lack fame,
But your joy will permit no grief:

I believe an all-wise Creator,
Created all things that be;
I believe His will rules my life now,
And does altogether possess me;
I give my heart and all I possess,
To be ruled by His hand,
And shall henceforth to Him bow,
With all my mind, as I understand.
With all my reason I shall try to right the past,
And bring it under His law;
And a perfect order labor to maintain to the last,
That my soul may be without a flaw.

.....Seal

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